

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Scientific Belief in Immortality; From the Sun Angels Order of Light, etc.

SECOND PAGE.—Invisible Intelligences; Spirit Communication; A Midnight Visitant, etc.

THIRD PAGE.—Phelps' House Phenomena; Sin and Suffering; Spirit Side of Life; Selfishness, the Crime of All Crimes, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials) Holiday Edition; The Saloon in Politics; Kind Words; Here and Now; The Temple Meetings; Independent Slate-Writing; Searching for Truth; From "Over the River;" Stumbling-Blocks; Joseph Morris; Sanctity of Suffering; Our Accounts; Ladies; N. F. Ravlin.

FIFTH PAGE.—Editorial Notes; The Silent Monarch; Silence; One-Idea Minds; The Importance of Good Habits; Dr. Stansbury's Mediumship; Advertisements; Publications, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Pebbles; "Old Doctor Jennings;" Key-Thoughts; The Number Seven; Professional Cards, Advertisements, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Midnight's Quiet Hour; Smith's Saloon; Freaks of Electricity; An Honorable Thing; Publications, etc.

EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Immortality; The Poet's Heart; A Woodland Flower. Jesus of Nazareth; Prohibition Party Platform; Advertisements, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Sensitive souls live more than others.—*Duclos.*

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.—*Massieu.*

A clear conscience is two-thirds of all happiness.

Woman lives by sentiment, man by action.—*Balzac.*

Superstition excites storms; philosophy appeases them.—*Voltaire.*

God put in man thought; society, action; nature, revery.—*Victor Hugo.*

It is a great obstacle to happiness to expect too much.—*Fontenelle.*

We have but one instant to live, and we have hopes for years.—*Flechier.*

Frequently the curses of men bring the blessing of Heaven.—*Lamennais.*

Ideas are a capital that bears interest only in the hands of talent.—*Rivarol.*

Politeness is as natural to delicate natures as perfume is to flowers.—*De Finod.*

Calumny spreads like an oil spot; we endeavor to cleanse it, but the mark remains.

Happy is he who finds a true friend; without that second self one lives but half of life.

That happiness may enter the soul, we must first sweep it clean of all imaginary evil.—*Fontenelle.*

Grief has two forms of expression, laughter and tears; and tears are not the saddest.—*L. Blanc*

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.—*Suard.*

Glory is a shroud that posterity often tears from the shoulders of those who wore it when living.—*Beranger.*

A man philosophizes better than a woman on the human heart, but she reads the hearts of men better than he.—*Rousseau.*

Whatever the world may say, there are some mortal sorrows, and our lives ebb away less through our blood than through our tears.—*P. Juillerat.*

Paradise is open to all kind hearts. God welcomes whoever has dried tears, either under the crown of the martyrs or under wreaths of flowers.—*Beranger.*

There are some moral conditions in which Death smiles upon us, as smiles a silent and peaceful night upon the exhausted laborer.—*Alferd Mercier.*

The power of words is immense. A well-chosen word has often sufficed to stop a flying army, to change defeat into victory, and to save an empire.—*E. de Girardin.*

Youth is like those verdant forests tormented by winds; it agitates on every side the abundant gifts of nature, and some profound murmur always reigns in its foliage.—*M. de Guerin.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Scientific Belief in Immortality.

Among all classes of people, in this century, there is an inherited tendency to believe that in the human being there is a something that continues to exist after the material body has been resolved back into, perhaps, its original homogeneous constituents. As to the manner in which our ancestors came to entertain this idea of immortality there is no exact data, though there are many theories. The cause is lost in antiquity. That there was some strong cause it is hard to doubt when we examine the strength of the effect, and that assigned by science, through anthropomorphism, does not seem adequate. The *belief* in immortality, in existence today, though based on different grounds, is simply the effect of education grafted on the inherited tendencies transmitted by our ancestors. All real cause for such belief, if there ever was one, is unknown, and now when through the laws of evolution men's minds begin to search for the deepest truths, and to lose the ability to believe in anything that after due inspection proves to have, so far as they, personally, can see, no scientific basis, they are forced to the conclusion that the idea of immortality is an unsubstantial dream, and as each succeeding generation reaches a higher intellectual plane than the last, the total extinction of the belief in immortality, that is now arrived at through the laws of heredity and early education, is only a question of time.

Man is slowly approaching a stage of evolution, when, if there is no other evidence of immortaltty than that afforded by traditional revelations of unknown ancients, the belief will become extinct. To-day the most advanced minds are unable to entertain any belief at variance with proved scientific fact, or the best systems of logic, are, from force of necessity, materialists, so far as inherited and educational belief in past revelations goes. Men were taught that the mind, consisting of the emotions, memory and will, were a separable entity from the organism, which formed the *ego*; but as science has demonstrated fairly that the *ego* consists of the whole mental and physical organism, the old belief is no longer tenable. The belief that the mental portion of man can exist without the organization that composes it and makes it possible, is unscientific; has to be given up because it can be demonstrated to be an illogical conclusion and entirely unfounded. If life after bodily death is a fact, it must be a scientiffc fact. Life is the continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations. Mind is that which takes cognizance of the adjustment of these relations, and is an outgrowth of the organism. Life, mind and the organism constitute the *ego*; the dissolution or death of one, means the death of all; the loss of the organism means the loss of life and mind. Unless the organism survives its own material death, and detaches itself from what we consider as itself, the materiality, which is all we can take sensual congnizance of and understand as the organism, then we can not conceive of anything continuing to exist, except the atoms and molecules of the body, which continue, so far as we know, to pass through various changes, and enter into various forms through all eternity.

It is further demonstrated that the mental attributes of animals are basically the same as those of human beings; formed of the same mateial, differing only in degree of evolution; and that if a human being could be supposed to exist after death, a like immortality must be granted to all animal life below man. Further, that there is no distinct dividing line between animal and plant life; that there is a point where they merge into one another, and that it is illogical to deny the continued existence of plant life after physical or material death, if it is granted to animal life. All this must be granted before a scientific belief in immortality can be arrived at, and, so far as human logic goes, there is no proof, either for or against.

The materialists of to-day even, as a rule, educated to believe in immortality, but through the evolution of love, of truth, have been forced to disbelieve in it so long as it is an unsubstantiated and unscientific phenomenon. They acknowledge that proof against immortality is necessarily an impossibility; that proof for it can only be a matter of revelation. It is true there are people called Spiritualists who claim to have received genuine revelations from people physically dead; but it is far easier to consider this as the result of hallucination, or inherited superstition, than to believe it a fact. More than this, there is a great deal of real evidence against what is supposed to be included in the commonly accepted idea of Spiritualism. The most widely known of the phenomena of Spiritualism is what is called materialization, and time and again this is, and has been, exposed; and yet, just so often its believers come forward with some illogical statements as to the exposure, that, in the minds of fair-thinking, unprejudiced persons, brands them as fanatics, if no worse; so that it is safe to say that those Spiritualists who practice materialization do more to prevent intelligent people from believing in revelations from spirits, than all other causes combined. Could their form of belief be placed to one side, receive a different name, then Spiritualism, so far as the receiving of revelations goes, would stand on a different basis; ridicule would cease, and those who profess to believe in revelations would no longer consider it a disgrace to be classed as Spiritualists, as it is only those versed in the philosophy of Spiritualism who understand the broad line between the believers in the two different phenomena, classed under one head.

As man advances in scientific knowledge, just so fast would it be possible for him to comprehend revealed knowledge; so long as his mind is clouded with ignorance and superstition, just so long must revelations from another state of existence, if there is any, be veiled in ambiguity. Until physical science opened his mind to some gleam of the great truths of nature, as those embodied in the laws of evolution, it was impossible for man to comprehend as matter of fact such statements as are now made through revelations from physically dead people. These statements are based, when given to those who can comprehend them, on what might be called materialistic grounds, on principles whose laws have been partially exposed by Darwin, Spencer and others. Such claims as that, if human beings continue to live and retain mind and organization, so also must plants and animals, are, now that men can conceive of such things, met by the assurance that they do; and that Spencer's definition of Life, as the continuous adaptation of inner relations to outer relations, is the best explanation it is possible for them to give us while our methods of acquiring knowledge are so restricted as at present, as a better definition would be incomprehensible to us. In fact, they claim that among the best exponents of the basic principles of Spiritualism and the laws of life are our greatest so-called materialists. As a matter of fact it is well known that what is now known as Spiritualism only made its appearance at about the time such theories as evolution, etc., made their appearance, so that the claim that such knowledge was necessary before the Spiritualism of to-day could be advanced among men is at least in accordance with the known facts.

Owing to our inherited tendency to believe in the possession of a separate soul, it is not so very hard to believe that the mind may separate from the body at death; but from our inherited standpoint it is as yet inconceivable that the organization does likewise, yet the two are found to be correlated, indivisible, and it is only by direct revelation that man can be assured of the fact that they do. Men do not believe in direct revelations being made to them by the living *egoes* of dead people simply because they desire to so believe, but because these revelations advance the only theories concerning themselves that can be or have been advanced, and because the revealed statements are in strict harmony with materialistic science so far as science goes. G. F. B.

AN exchange says: "One of the most marvelous triumphs of modern chemistry is 'saccharine,' a new sugar that costs $10 or $12 a pound. It is made from coal tar. Its sweetening power is 220 times that of cane sugar, and a teaspoonful of it is sufficient to convert a barrel of water into syrup. Its principle use, so far, is in medicine, to disguise the taste of drugs, The new sugar is made in Germany, and its inventor is Dr. Constantine Fahlberg."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angels Order of Light.

[By Spirit Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band.]

To each child of the Order that is watched and guarded by the angels, Saidie sends tender greetings and craves to be enshrined in each heart through a love that is not worshipful, but born in response to the love she bestows. As sweet strains waken echoes in valleys and on mountains, so would she waken soul-echoes that will bear tokens of deep harmony throughout the entire order. Saidie's mother heart would whisper to each child peace, and would beg that inharmonies break not in ripples, because waves seek rocky cliffs in their uncontrolable fury. There lies between the near shore and the farther a broad field overgrown with weeds that come home to the heart as conjectures. Full long have their weeds been cultivated till there would be wisdom in running the plough of truth through the entire length and breadth of the same preparatory to sowing the true seeds. The education of the past ages has left in the life-path uncertain shadows, that, to the traveler therein, often assumes the form of real obstacles that they go not near through fear of the result.

In Saidie's heart there is an earnest desire to make for her children the path more peaceful, therefore would she seek to remove them from the objects that are dense enough to become shadow-casting. In many hearts there lies a dread of passing from the seen to what they deem the unseen. This is the result of the barbarity enshrined in church and creed, to which at one time in the planet's history no one could attach themselves unless they accepted all points, and with the rest the many horned, cloven-footed, fiery-breathed being, who, through the supposed law of election, had a prior claim on nine-tenths of humanity, who seemed created only to show the power and pleasure of Deity. During the steady march of truth that triumphs at last, this monster for whom a hades had to be built, wherein he might hold high carnival, has become much civilized; horn and hoofs have disappeared, and if his breath at times indicates a feverish condition no sparks are emitted, which shows the steady decrease of temperature. No one looks forward to the time when he will be canonized as a saint; yet from the hill tops of the present there are those who see the valley that is waiting his burial, after which the change that comes to all, and is but simply laying aside a robe much worn, for one new and beautiful, will be welcomed, for home will be found at the turning of the tide; home, where all who have loved and deemed they had lost, will find their own. No child of earth passes from earthly conditions to the one that follows it that is not waited for and welcomed, as is the case with those coming this way. On each side of the tide attendants await with robes, and the naturalness of life to one opening their eyes on the land beyond is restful. Instead of the throne, the harps, the crown, the golden streets, and other inconsistencies, will be found the sweet home-life and tender home greetings; all this is but natural law.

There is often much wondering in hearts as to the manner in which home is reached. To such Saidie would say, "There are broad paths leading from earth land to the second sphere that lies up beyond the cloud land where will be found cities, villages and towns; also broad lands, representing country life, as seen here on the sphere mentioned, dwell many earnest workers for hnmanity. In all that country are seen no loathsome objects, though different grades of intellects find there a home. It will also be found by those journeying thither that the homes are all in perfect harmony with the highest ideal of the occupants. The path extending between the two lands is always pleasant and holds no obstructions. Are there hearts that query as to the elements that go to make up that land and its fulfillments? Then will I endeavor to make plain my answer. All principles are two-fold, and every object formed by virtue of the two-fold principle becomes double; that is, for every tangible object produced or formed in this material or earth sphere. The law that is two-fold, and is the base of all unfoldments, holds, as a result of the material expression, the real soul form of the objects. Therefore, if in this land is constructed from the material elements an edifice, the law that is the base is already embodied in the brain, though soul-power, actually constructs the soul forms of the same, and this form, because the soul force, by which it was constructed, belongs to soul land, and finds there its home.

In this way are homes formed for the inhabitants of the second sphere. There is in all principles a dividing line, and here let me draw the one perceptible, or some one will stumble and fall into still greater darkness. Remember, I said soul-force exercised over the tangible elements of earth, gave birth to the soul form of the object expressed, and these forms become the appointments of the second sphere. Now, some unused to thinking in this direction will object on the ground that many, very many loathsome dwellings would appear in the same land, it being soul land.

Here comes the dividing line, and remember there is such a line in all principles. Dwellings low, loathsome and simple, forming a shelter, were never constructed by soul-force, but by the force of necessity that belongs to earth and never rises beyond. Therefore they have no counterpart. It is true there are magnificent hells built by those who inhabit but the brute realm, and they are built through the brute and sensual force by their natures, consequently, the law by which they were evoked, holds the soul of the same in the brute and sensual realm, which is very near earth; therefore, these find no place in soul life. The snows, rains and frosts of earth affect not the second sphere as they do the earth land, because they are among the tangible elements, and must necssarily belong to earth, still the second sphere has its seasons marked by the varying conditions here, and when the Winter months reign here the verdure there becomes less beautiful, as do the blooms, at which time the interior of homes become resplendent with choice, blooming plants. Of the principle that gives to the land its trees, shrubs, grass and bloom, I will at another time speak particularly, for I would have in your hearts an unshadowy understanding of the lands that lie near you. The messenger Swedenborg gathered largely from the land mentioned, and found life and its expressions much akin to earth expressions of the same, instead of the idle life imagined, and sentimentalized by those whose only thoughts concerning the future is the salvation of themselves and those nearest and dearest. My children seek the wisdom of the spheres and seek it in the common sense avenues, where cause and effect go hand in hand, the one planting and the other reaping for the storehouse of the eternities. In future writing I shall endeavor to light the many paths that wind on through the spheres, that those going home may not seem in a strange land. Love one another with an unselfish love, and remember deeds of this life form many echoes in the land beyond. Peace be with you. SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light.

THE BODY is the dwelling of the soul or spirit, and the house should be suited to its occupant. A gross body is as repugnant to a pure spirit as a filthy house is to a refined person. There have been pages and volumes written on this subject, but in the recurring cycles of human life it becomes of practical importance again and again to the ever increasing generations as they come forward and pass onward in life. While all will admit that cleanliness of body has a tendency toward elevation of soul there are a great many who claim to be respectable and wish to be well thought of who neglect to keep in practice this belief. Personally they become repulsive to their fellow beings; their thoughts become sluggish and expressions uninteresting. They cease to unfold themselves toward the higher spiritual life, by thus yielding to the hindrances in the way of human progress. Great care should be exercised in relation to the children, whose habits of life are being formed. Not only by precept and example should they be taught, but by diligent care should they be *trained* to cleanly habits and correct manners.—*Light in the West.*

HEAR one man before you answer; hear several before you decide.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Invisible Intelligences.

"BY SHADOWS."

I hardly know how to begin what I want to say. I always think a setting in the way of an introduction generally desirable, something like singing before a service, it helps to make the conditions right; so in this apologetic way, as introductory, will say, I have just been reading a little book, its title is "Light on the Hidden Way." James Freeman Clark writes its introduction, in which he says "he knows the writer well, a very truthful woman, and honestly believes what she has written." The authoress is very particular to take the curse off of her boldness by saying "she knows nothing of what is called Spiritualism, and that she has no acquaintance with any medium," and she seems to invite a confidence in what she tells us, because of her ignorance of, and disconnection from those two, in a religious point of view, unpopular sources. Every one who reads her story will see that she has the light that we, as Spiritualists, are used to, and that she is a very good seeing and test medium.

It is not my purpose to speak especially of this book, only the reading of it has suggested this article. It is an outside endorsement of modern Spiritualism, and will find readers among a class of religious people who probably would not be likely to read the productions of modern Spiritualism. To those of us who believe in the truth as well as the poetry in the statement, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may," will see evidence of that fact in the publication of her experience, and see, also, unmistakable evidence of the contiguity of the spirit world and its interest and connection with mundane affairs. The most touching part of her spiritual experience is the continued recognition of her mother's presence, who left her as an infant, and therefore could not have been remembered; and yet she knew her like a mortal mother. Other incidents which are consoling to the Rachels of earth, like whose children are *not*, which she proves by her continued open vision still *are*, thus many a sad heart is made glad where religious faith would fail. This lady, also under the influence of new and high spirit friends, seems to be living two lives, her spirit almost wholly devoted to aiding earth-bound spirits. This feature must strike the general reader very strangely, and almost discredit the strong endorsement of her popular minister; but the Spiritualists who believe as Longfellow poetically wrote, "that the spirit world lies all about us, and its avenues are open to the unseen feet of phantoms," etc., they will know she states a positive fact, even if these earth-bound spirits are so very human looking and acting, and while haunting, or dwelling still in their homes as if the mortal coil had not been shuffled off, voiceless and of no influence, for we know both by sensuous proof and corroborated by fair deduction that the great mass of human beings as they pass out of their forms, are very near earth-life. We call them earth-bound, not always in a vicious sense, for tender home-loves and attachments often bind them as well as earthly pursuits, pleasures and wealth left behind. Their heaven is in this world, not in the other. What do the thousands carry away with them when this life's fitful fever is over? What empty bags a large majority of the departed are when minus their assets. All their material wealth, all that their souls doted upon, remain on the mundane side of life, and while a good many do not know they are dead, in a mortal sense, others, conscious of the fact, still live as if in the form and haunt their old places, business walks, speculations, political gatherings, clubs, saloons, barrooms, gambling places, and are often interested in the pecuniary gains of mundane life.

When the spirit saw that Samuel A. Way, a well-known money lover, rode in the hearse with the driver at his own funeral, thought he was going the wrong way, and wanted to be driven to his bank on State street, it was probably true. So when the spirit said that the wealthy Ebenezer Francis was a street-sweeper in the other world, that in a sense was possible; the best connection, perhaps, he could make with earth, may have been through that humble, laborious opening. Sometimes they are in the dark, and any light is better than none, and if a palace outlook can not be had, then a shanty will have to do. I know a man who is always successful when he is inebriated. I was told by a spirit that this man was controlled by an earth-bound spirit who was rum-loving, but bright, and had grown rich by the influence. Little thinks the world that this man has such a silent partner, but then there are a great many such double headers in the world.

These earth-bound spirits are very near earth-life, and are almost visible to sensitive people. We know from some of our best writers—Judge Edmonds, Robert Dale Owen, and others—that those which we call lower spirits—not always bad—are the ones that are able to give physical manifestations, while the higher spirits can influence and give impressions, but can not move tables or do the sensuous things known as physical manifestations. The lower spirits are often used by the higher as an architect, or a capitalist here has to use mechanical laborers to carry out practically their ideas in erecting a building. Thus the higher control the lower, which seems to be a law in nature. The laborer or employee removes a heavy stone, he does it directly; the capitalist does it indirectly, and is the power, for he controls. Something analogous to this occurs in spirit life, between higher and lower spirits.

A spirit said to me through a very honest medium that Jay Gould was only a pawn on the chess-board of life, but there is a spring in the pawn, which is a necessary condition for even the power that moved it, to do so successfully, and Jay Gould, without knowing it, thus has a silent partner on the other side who is the power. The spirit asked me if I knew Jim Fiske? I said "yes," by reputation, and I had also seen him many times. The spirit said he is as interested as ever in railroad speculations, and he is the power behind Jay Gould. I am careful about persons; I do not know whether this spirit stated a fact or not; I have no doubt she did a principle, and in the present time of thought, the fact itself is not impossible. I have no question but there is an intelligence shaping his ends and all other people's ends, and that seems to me is one of the teachings of modern Spiritualism; and shows, also, that the bard may have spoken wiser than he knew in his aphorism about "Divinity" that I have quoted.

If I should call all the foregoing remarks only an introduction, and being with detail enough for the reader to draw his own inferences, it will enable me to close with some thoughts about Rollin M. Squire, the late Commissioner of Public Works, in the city of New York. He has had prominence of late that has made him widely known, and it does seem to me as though in a marked manner he had been handled by the spirits, and as the direct action in the current of his life, they may have been of a lower order (not a low order). The real power behind the throne, which may have had the highest good in view, has become master of the situation, and that Squire, after all, had been but a "cat's paw," and the highest good has won. What I write will be in a friendly spirit, for I have long known Mr. Squire, and take no part in the weak reflections by politicians, worse every way than he is, and are always ready to push a man down when he is on the descending scale. If General Newton, now appointed by Mayor Grace to the office from which Squire has been removed, proves to be the capable that his record and reputation presupposes, Squire will have been one of the best of "providences" that has blessed New York City for an age, and the city could afford to endow him with a pension for breaking the line of rascals, and yet he may have only been an instrument moved by higher powers than even those, that as a medium, might be called his band, or control, on the spirit side of life.

Rollin M. Squire is a medium, especially for physical manifestations. It does not alter the fact that he has not been interested in the phenomena for many years. There may have been personal reasons for it, and there may have been, also, spiritual ones. For a decade, more or less, of his young life he was a medium for sensuous phenomena, not many superior to him, in the phases peculiar to him. I refer to the period of his life from the age of sixteen to twenty-six. He became a protege of the now venerable Daniel Farrar, a merchant of wealth and of the highest respectability. He was almost, for many years, a member of this gentleman's family, for the purpose of giving his manifestations. In this respect Mr. Farrar made himself one of the most useful and best known among the Spiritualists of this city. I was a frequent attendant at these private seances year in and year out, and I consider it one of the privileges that I enjoyed more than anything else, and in the pleasures of memory is, and will be a joy forever. How well I remember many of the well-known faces that from time to time I used to meet there. Many of them are now spirits on the other side of life. Most of these people now in my mind were Spiritualists; many were only curiosity seekers; but now, in their invisible abode, they have found that the light had come into the world, but their darkness comprehended it not. I will mention a few of the names of the former class: There were Judge Edmonds, Professor Mapes, Robert Hare, John Pierpont, Luther Parks, Charles E. Jenkins, Henry F. Gardner, Thomas Gales Foster, Phineas E. Gay, Epes Sargent, and many others; all these, as the Western man would say, "have handed in their chips." Many like the old gentleman referred to and this writer still live, move and have a being in the daily walks of mortal life, they can speak for themselves. Here are some of the names of the latter class; among them at different times were many of the professors of Harvard University. I remember Felton, who was afterwards its President; Professors Hersford and Eustice; also, certainly once, I saw Theodore Parker there, and remember this fact, that the manifestations were not so good on that occasion, and the fact began to convince me that strong-minded men, however gentlemanly and hospitable, who had an inherent disbelief, had a "nonconducting" influence that weakened the power. I since have learned the philosophy of it.

It would be very interesting to give at some length the details of these phenomena, taking place in the presence of Mr. Squire, and also to speak of his gifts in the way of poetry and prayer when under his influences, but the length and object of this article will prevent me; but upon some other occasion will do so, probably, under the heading of "Drafts from Memory." My object now is to make use of him as a msdium of rare power for physical manifestations. As an illustration of the fact quoted, that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends," I will quote a statement from that able writer, William Stainton Moses, of London, which coincides and endorses my own opinion, where he says, "The spirits who are able to deal in gross matter so as to produce physical manifestations are beings who are not possessed of high moral consciousness; whether they are instruments in the hands of more progressed intelligences or not, the fact remains that they can not be relied on as judged by the laws of human integrity." Rollin M. Squire being a psychic, and thus strongly sensitive to the invisible world, was easily moved, or used by the intelligences there, as his manifestations for a period of years proved. As Mr. Moses says, the power behind his throne "may not have possessed high moral consciousness," he certainly was not a heavy weighted man in a mental point of view, but he was bright, ready and quick-witted, rather of a frivolous nature, particularly in his youth or young manhood, when I best knew him. His mediumistic gifts brought him in contact with many well-known, solid and mature people, but he was one who would suggest truthfulness in the poetic phrase:

"Fools venture in where angels fear to tread."

But Mr. Squire was no fool, but at the time of which I am speaking he had as much assurance as if he was one. That was very natural, however, from being thus made of, and patronized for his occult gifts. His career for the next twenty years after this period along the surface of life, as journalist, traveler, lawyer, politician, speculator in gold mines, shows that he had supermundane aid, not that he ever became a bright star in the mundane firmament, but that he could do what he did and so well hold his own, when certainly, as a man, he was not well ballasted, shows evidently the influence of this "shaping divinity." I am not using the word in its usual sense, but as meaning the supervision and control by invisible intelligences, good or bad. There seems to be a basis of truth in the old superstition where we read of:

"James Jacobin Straw,
For forty years he served the law;
And when he died,
The devil cried,
Jimmy, give us your paw."

That is, there was such a thing as being in league with the devil, but in the modern sense it would mean, aided by spirits, perhaps of darkness, giving worldly success here at the expense of the soul hereafter. This may have no bearing on Squire's record; I only mention it illustratively in connection with the point prominent in this article, that there is truth as well as poetry in the Shaksperean quotation to which I have referred.

It was certainly something very remarkable that Rollin M. Squire should have come up on top of the heap as Commissioner of Public Works in the city of New York, where he was only a carpet-bagger. Charles Sumner commences his eulogy on Abraham Lincoln thus: "In the providence of God there are no accidents." If that is true, then, the situation there of Squire was no accident. I am inclined to think such is the fact, but the providence of God was spirit instrumentality, and the same power that made him the instrument for the phenomena for which he was once known has continued to be with him, and finally has thus set him up conspicuously in New York. That being then but another form, or phase of spirit manifestation; of course, then, logically, every event of life might be considered a spiritual manifestation. Well, I admit that it is no easy matter in all the affairs of life to tell how much we are aided; where our own power ends and supermundane begins.

One thing is certain that in the material movements of current life what may be called the lower or earth-bound spirits have the greater power. If, as Mr. Moses supposed, they are the factors behind the physical manifestations, and thus, in a sense as a physical manifestation, Mr. Squire was a success even against odds, yet here may be the affirmative answer to the "if" in the quotation from that distinguished Englishman, "whether they are instruments in the hands of more progressed spirits." Squire's position made it possible to break loose from the conditions, and the Mayor of New York appointed General Newton to take his place. Who knows but that may have been the influence of a higher power using the lower spirits as instruments for an important end, the reformation of political management in the city of New York. If the General sustains his reputation Rollin M. Squire, though perhaps expensive, was a blessing in disguise, as Macauley would say, "like the fire in London, the loss was a gain, for it burnt out the plague." New York, as we have said, could even afford to endow the late commissioner for the good thus "providentially" brought about.

What we have said of Squire, hinted about Jay Gould and also of others, can be very easily extended so as to apply to the affairs of life in general all over the world, and it seems to me that Modern Spiritualism teaches of an intelligent supervision and manifestation over mundane matters, and the career of Squire to date is only an illustration of it.

CONTENTMENT is a very good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

Spirit Communication.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

[The following communication was written by a materialized form, at a seance given by Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, on the evening of September 1st. It was written on a tablet which had been handed to him by one of the sitters together with a series of questions on the phenomena of materialization. Answers to some of these questions are embodied in the communication. It was written very rapidly, under test conditions, and delivered in person to the party who handed him the questions with the request to have it published in the GOLDEN GATE. H. B.]

MATERIALIZATION.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—The subjects named in your inquiries embrace nearly the whole field of materialization, and would require unlimited time and research in their elucidation, and even then they could not be satisfactorily answered through any of the channels of communication now open between the two worlds.

In the condition this medium is placed, I can not do myself or the cause justice, but at some future time I trust we shall be able to surround her with an atmosphere of quiet and harmony, indispensible for proper mental control, and it will then afford me pleasure to take up your queries consecutively and reply to the same.

In the band of spirits surrounding this medium in the work of materialization there is but one who possesses the perfected power in all its completeness, and has once exhibited that power under what you term absolute, undeniable test conditions, viz., the investigator joinging hands with the medium, free from a cabinet or drapery of any kind in a moderately darkened room, without furniture (excepting two chairs) and perfectly secure from all disturbing elements, in a pure unvitiated atmosphere. Under such conditions this spirit has materialized a form, and the process shown just to the extent that mortals can ever see the work of materialization and dematerialization carried on, rendering it the most wonderful achievement of spirit power over matter ever given to the world. In this case all of the physical and mental organs of the medium were roproduced in this form, including action of the heart and lungs, venous and arterial circulation of the blood, and, in short, it was literally the creation and entrance into human life of a living organized being entirely separate and yet one with the medium.

This process of materialization requires the utmost care and attention by the spirit controling, and a single mistake would cause untold suffering and perhaps death of the medium. So do not wonder why materialization is so seldom presented under the conditions above named. We have given it, and if conditions permit, we will hope that it may be given you.

I am, like other controls of mediums, in the hands and under the direction of higher spirits whose words I can but repeat to you, "Thus far canst thou go but no further."

My own guides tell me that the world is not ready for the reception of such evidences of spirit power. Education and knowledge of the forces governing spirit control in the simpler forms of the phenomena are yet ignored by the scientist and materialist. And the great mass of humanity, together with the secular and religious press, condemn the cause, its phenomena and followers, in spite of all efforts to spread abroad the facts of our glorious belief.

Materialization is most certainly shown in the seances you witness, and just to the extent that conditions and harmony admit. The seclusion of a cabinet and partial darkness is at present indispensable for purely physical reasons, and also to perfect the utilization of the electro-magnetic forces, condensed from the physical emanations of the medium and from the atmosphere and atomized aura surrounding each member present.

I am aware that this explanation may seem unsatisfactory, but I do not as a spirit fully understand the natural laws governing materialization, but I do know that these laws are in perfect harmony with nature and her beautiful revelations. I can not explain how by the exercise of my will I am enabled to pass this medium, as I have several time done, through locked doors and solid walls. I know that there is no limit, under favorable conditions, to the power spirits possess to disintegrate and pass objects through what you term solid matter. Yet this power is controlled and held in abeyance by advanced spirits who know when and how to exercise it to accomplish purposes of there own, and as fast as the world is prepared these facts will be given to humanity. Far as an exact scientific solution of this work of materialization is concerned it stands co-equal with the same power that forms the tender leaflet, the delicate floweret, or the grand old redwoods of your California. All, by nature's law divine, gather to themselves elements of growth, weight, color, absorption, exhalation and everlasting change. Science can but analyze the results and state the apparent process of materialization and dematerialization, but the doors leading to the temple of primal causations are and ever will remain closed to the grand army of professors of science, medicine, theology and law. Solve this and you have solved and comprehended the Infinite and there would be no more worlds of thought to conquer. In connection with this question arises the subject of transformation or personation, and intelligent Spiritualists understand that it sometimes takes place in materializing seances, but it is no less an exhibition of spirit power and should not be bitterly denounced but rather investigated in a friendly manner, for the medium is used by the controling spirit who is enabled to modify and change the entire features and appearance of the medium, and often present the most wonderful tests of identity for the purpose of recognition. In spite of the utmost watchfulness on our part some spirits in their anxiety to meet their friends present at a seance, obtain control of the medium by entrancement, and being ignorant of the laws of materialization, use the medium as best they can in entire ignorance that personation is not what is termed a materialization.

Many unjust criticisms on our method of conducting seances are often made by investigators, but we have much to contend with and often meet with disappointments on our side of life, retarding for a time the perfectness of the phenomena.

Spiritualists often, by an unwise and over-zealous desire to aid the medium and the cause, induce skeptics and hot-headed, prejudiced persons to attend seances for materialization, not realizing that their presence is detrimental to the manifestations, and such seances can but be unsatisfactory in every respect. This heartrending desire to separate the spiritualistic sheep and goats and build a reputation for fraud-hunting, exists also, we are sorry to say, amongst those who call themselves Spiritualists, and it only demonstrates the bitterness of foes "existing in our own household," and we would ask all such to gaze within their own hearts for fraud and deceit ere they act as detectives in seances for the physical phenomena of Spiritualism.

Spirits, as well as mortals, know the needs and demands of humanity for proofs of immortal life, and no amount of persecution by the press and pulpit can keep back the proofs presented by the messengers we make use of to spread abroad the philosophy and the phenomena of our belief. All religious reforms in the world's history have deluged earth with fire and sword, but thanks to the enlightenment of the nineteenth century no fires of persecution against Spiritualists and its mediums can light the hills and valleys of your own free America.

All that we ask from our side is for investigators to approach the altar of investigation with clean hands, pure bodies, reasoning and unprejudiced minds, as becomes true men and women, and the verdict rendered can but be favorable to the cause we advocate. This reasoning applies to every phase of the physical phenomena without exception, all partaking, more or less, of the force you term materialization.

Let Spiritualists as a body remember that the same power that gave the phenomena to the world will supply all demands for the future, and those of us without blemish can cast the first stone of reproach against our mediums, who are simply the instruments we use, and are acted on by unseen agencies of development and undevelopment, teaching you to exercise your own good sense and reasoning powers, preserving your individuality as men and women, weighing well all advice given either from mortals or spirits. By a wise law of spirit return the whole subject remains open for all inquiring minds, and it is worthy your noblest efforts; therefore, my friends, be not weary in well doing; ever strive to elevate and lift fallen humanity to higher conceptions of life and its duties, knowing that when the seal of mortal death closes your earthly vision, your spiritual eyes will open and gaze upon scenes of wondrous beauty in a land where sickness, sorrow and death never enter; where all earthly aspirations for happiness and knowledge will meet with a grand realization.

I thank you, one and all, for your patience and kindness to my medium, and for your exertions to spread abroad the cause we advocate, and if I am not privileged to meet you again on your side of life, I will meet and grasp you by the hand hereafter. WM. BIRD.

A Midnight Visitant.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Some weeks previous, the chief cook at the Del Monte hotel, known as Mr. Gondowin, passed from this earthly life into the beautiful beyond. He was esteemed and respected by all who knew him, and since his death, I have heard, is seen at the hour of 12 o'clock, nightly, on his way from the hotel to his home. He has been seen by several of the stewards and gardeners, riding his gray animal at break-neck speed, by the bath-house; from there he leaves the roadand takes the beach, this being the nearest way by which he most always traveled going to and from the hotel.

I think this is a good test of the spirit returning, and a true one as far as I know, but intend investigating the matter myself and will give you further information concerning it. M. A.

MONTEREY, Cal., Sept. 13, 1886.

EVIL is simply a contradiction of good. It is the lie flung in the face of truth. And what is a lie? Has it substance, power? No, it has nothing. It is the darkness that melts away on the approach of light.—*Helen Wilmans.*

A FARMER prepares soft wood fence posts as follows: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber to preserve it from rotting.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Phelps' House Phenomena.

BY JOHN ALLYN.

It is intended to present a condensed account of the salient features of the phenomena which occurred at the residence of Rev. Dr. Eliokim Phelps in 1850 and 1851 at Stratford, Connecticut.

It may, at the outset, be well to answer the *qui bono* interrogation? I answer that they are a part of the scheme of nature; indeed a most striking part, indicating design, intelligence and power of which science is yet ignorant. Admitting that they are weird, crude, and even as yet obscure, it is fair to presume that they have a value if we have the wisdom to perceive it. At that early period when the Fox sisters were exciting great interest such striking phenomena were calculated to attract attention to the subject. Dr. Phelps himself after holding out a long time became a thorough Spiritualist. What influence they had in preparing the mind of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps to write the "Gates Ajar" we do not know. How many materialists have been led to investgate in a scientific manner by carefully observing facts and drawing such inference as logically result therefrom we know not.

The only record of these phenomena extant is in a work on Spiritualism published in 1855 by E. W. Capron, which is now out of print. Mrs. Brittan in her history of Spiritualism barely alludes to the fact that such phenomena occurred.

Dr. Phelps was a man of high standing as a clergyman, a man of intellect and learning. He was skeptical of their spiritual origin during the early part of the manifestations, all of which would seem to indicate accuracy and honesty in the record. This record covers forty pages of well-written matter, and the difficulty is in the limits of these papers to make a selection of the most important phenomena.

The house was built in 1829 by Captain Donald who was in the China trade. At his death Captain Pursell bought the property and resided in the house several years. Afterwards the house was occupied as a school for boys, by a clergyman. Dr. Phelps commenced his residence in February 1848, having purchased it the Autumn previous. The family consisted of Mrs. Phelps, two daughters aged sixteen and six, and a son aged twelve by a former marriage, and one son aged three by the present marriage. There was also an Irish servant girl who was considered trustworthy.

The first disturbances occurred in March 1850 while the family were at church, the servant being at the Catholic church in Bridgeport.

The Doctor carefully locked the doors of the chambers, and also of the outside doors, putting the key of the one from which they made their exit in his pocket and went to church with the entire family. On returning they found the front and chamber doors open and the furniture in great disorder,—chairs on the bed, shovel and tongs in unusual places, and many evidences of rude and mischievous intrusion. They naturally supposed that burglars had been in the house, but on looking in the closet they found the plate undisturbed, and a gold watch left in an exposed place was untouched. In the afternoon, while the family went to church, Dr. Phelps armed himself, took an obscure position and watched for burglars; But the house remained quiet; but on the return of the family at three o'clock some articles were found out of place in the kitchen. On entering the middle chamber they found a sheet spread out on the bed and beneath it a nightgown and chemise laid out with the arms folded across the breast and stockings at the feet to represent a corpse before putting it in the coffin. On the wall were written characters, but the family could not decipher them. Thus ended the first day. On March 11th the family found the middle chamber had been visited and furniture in disorder, and the nightgown and chemise aforesaid were found one in the pitcher and one in the bowl. These articles were not in use, but had been packed away in a trunk, and while they were conversing Mrs. P. looked under the bed and saw these articles. Dr. Phelps then took them, noted the name and number on each, folded and again placed them in the trunk, remarking that he would put them where they would stay. He locked the closet containing the trunk and put the key in his pocket; and when all had left locked the door of the room and kept the key. They all went below, and after fifteen minutes some one spoke to the Doctor, and at the head of the stairs in the hall he found the same articles. He went to the door of the room and found it locked, then went to the closet and found the door locked. He took the key from his pocket, opened the door and looked in the trunk and the articles were gone. He then began to feel there was a mystery about the affair. He had never believed in the appearing of ghosts, or seen anything of spiritual phenomena. On the same day the moving of furniture commenced. An umbrella standing in the hall leaped without visible assistance twenty-five feet. Dr. Phelps saw the movement and knows there was no visible cause for the movement. A bucket standing at the head of the stairs was thrown into the entry below; knives, forks, keys and bits of iron were thrown in different directions about the house. During the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Phelps went to Bridgeport three miles away; many phenomena occurred which we will pass.

The next day the phenomena commenced again, and to satisfy Mrs. P. Dr. M——, a retired clergyman of much experience and sound judgment, was called in. He was of opinion that they were produced in some way by the servant or some one about the house. The children were sent out of the room, and the door between the parlor and kitchen locked, but articles continued as before to be thrown in different directions. He remained in the house three weeks; but at the close of the second day was convinced that neither the servant nor the children had any agency in the matter.

On the 18th the manifestations commenced in the middle room early in the morning while two children were asleep in the room. A book leaped from a shelf twelve feet into the room, the blower in the grate leaped out on the floor. At the breakfast table several articles were thrown, among them a large potato which had been sent from Pennsylvania fell on the table directly by the side of Dr. P.'s plate, in a manner that no one could have done it without detection. He took up the potato and let it fall to see how high it had been to produce the concussion. It was judged by all that it could not have been over fifteen inches.

In the afternoon the demonstrations were confined to the middle parlor. No one was present but Dr. and Mrs. P. and Dr. M—. Bits of iron, keys, small blocks, and other things to the number of forty-six were thrown about and placed on the mantle. These had been in different parts of the house, most in closets on the second floor and the chambers. At one time, while Dr. M—— was standing in the center of the room, a padlock fell at his feet which was known to have been in the closet of the middle chamber. While Dr. P. was sitting ten feet from the piano he saw a small toy-mouse, which was on the piano, arise and, describing a parabola, fell at his feet. This he saw distinctly.

At the request of Dr. M—— Mr. W——, a Congregational minister, and Mr. Plant, a lawyer of high standing, were called in to make sure that the investigation should be thorough. Then they first began to hear rappings and poundings. Several times during the day loud noises, like some one pounding with an ax on the floor, were heard in different parts of the house, and several times they terminated with a frightful scream.

In the evening of this day an iron stand containing a fire-shovel, tongs and poker leaped from the hearth into the middle of the room and rose up and beat the floor, causing a jar that could be heard in any part of the house. This was seen only by the daughter, but heard by the others. As the daughter ran through the dining-room a solid mahogony dining-table rose up and beat the floor five or six times with a force that made the house jar. Mrs. P. screamed out, "Oh, take me from this place!"

The boys' pantaloons were torn as high as the knee, and sometimes higher, into ribbons. This occurred several times under the immediate inspection of Rev. Mr. M——. This continued several weeks, destroying clothing to the value of twenty dollars. One time while riding with Dr. P. in a carriage his cap was torn and his pants from the waistband to the bottom. Dr. P. heard the tearing and knew the boy could not have done it himself.

On several occasions a hat was seen to go up stairs—not thrown, but seemed to be carried rapidly by unseen hands, and for several days Dr. P. was constrained to keep his hat under lock and key to prevent its disappearance if left out. On the 24th Harry seemed to be caught up from the floor almost to the ceiling, and was so frightened that he did not recover from the effects for a week. From this time on glass was frequently broken—seventy-one panes in all. Dr. P. thinks that some of these might have been broken by human agency, but knows that others could not. He saw a brush, which he saw a moment before on a shelf, fly to a window and break out a pane. He saw a tumbler, which was standing on a bureau, rise and fly to a window and break out the only remaining pane, when no person was within twenty feet of it. The damage to furniture during the visitation was not less than two hundred dollars.

At this time answers to questions were had by raps, and it was communicated that the family had been defrauded out of a valuable property. Many writings were found in different parts of the house in mysterious characters which clairvoyants were called in to interpret. About the first of May Dr. Phelps, of Boston, and Prof. Phelps, a son of Dr. P., went to Stratford to detect the tricks and expose the "humbug," but they went away disappointed. A loud pounding was heard on the front door when one of these gentlemen stood on one side of the door and the other on the other, and they were satisfied that it was done by no visible agency. At one time, during breakfast, the table was raised up on one side and violently shaken so as to spill the coffee. They were commanded to cease, but continued with increased violence. Another person said, "I kindly request you to cease this annoyance," and it ceased at once, showing that the agency had "human nature."

On the evening of Oct 20th a bell rang several times and was placed in Dr. P.'s hand. He requested the unseen to let him feel the hand that placed the bell in his hand. He sat beyond the reach of any one. Very soon a hand came in contact with his, took hold of his fingers, and shook his hand. They then took hold of his foot and shook it, loosened the string and took off the shoe, and at his request replaced it. Space will not permit one to give but a small part of the phenomena of this well-observed and well-attested case, which continued to disturb the family for eighteen months.

I will close by giving two communications recorded in this book—one by the spirit of John C. Calhoun, in answer to the question, "What good will result from these manifestations?" Answer, "They will draw mankind together in harmony, and convince skeptics of the immortality of the soul." The other was given at Bridgeport three miles from the Phelps house in 1850. Question, "What do spirits propose to accomplish by these manifestations?" Answer, "To unite mankind, and to convince skeptical minds of the immortality of the soul." W. E. Channing.

He was a celebrated Unitarian clergyman of Boston before passing over.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Sin and Suffering.

In the ever-increasing light of the spiritual philosophy there is continued demand for new and better statements of truth, and the strengthening conviction that many, or most of our earlier expressed conceptions of it, contained little less than error; though it should not be forgotten that whatever of truth they may have had, be it much or little, we as Spiritualists can not afford to ignore. Take, for instance, that doctrine of the church, so thoroughly repudiated by all advanced thinkers—that of the vicarious suffering of Christ, and beneath the crude statement of the theologian, we find one of the most wholesome truths we can possibly conceive of,—one that would have the widest influence for good, could it be fully appreciated.

"Christ suffered the just for the unjust," we are told, and if he was the wise, grand, tender, loving soul represented, it could not be otherwise than that he should suffer the sorrows of the misdeeds of others, more than they who committed them. Is it not the law of life that those who struggle to maintain the highest moral standard, who are filled with the loftiest aspirations, who are the most humane, the most tenderly sympathetic, suffer the most the sorrows of those who sin? If they have their mountains of transfiguration, their mornings of glorious resurrection they have also, their gardens of Gethsemane, their evenings of crucifixion, death and burial, and in this they suffer for others, "the just for the unjust." Illustrate so: A wise and loving mother has a wayward child, whose every evil deed she feels more than the child itself, by the very reason of her love and higher spiritual development. Nor does it answer to say that the mother's suffering does not save the child. Many a wandering son and daughter has been restrained from evil and brought back to paths of virtue, by the very thought of how their evil deeds was wounding a mother's loving heart. Who suffers the most for his evil deeds, the drunkard, whose sensibilities are deadened by the use of intoxicants, or the still loving wife who touches not the vile poison? and what greater influence can be brought to bear upon the miserable man than the knowledge of the great sorrow he has caused to the loved one at home.

It is the deepest conviction of the present writer, that if the highest incentive to a noble life, is the *good* we may do to others, then the greatest restraining influence to avoid the evil is the thought of the *sorrow* we may bring to others. Ah! how much we need to realize that "no man lives unto himself,"—that our evil deeds bring even greater sorrow upon others than ourselves, and that those others are the ones that love us most, and should be the most dear to us. And you who labor, sorrow and suffer for others should know that such suffering has the divinest mission—the seal of divine approbation in its effectiveness—that the tears for others shed shall wash them white as snow. So it is that one may sin alone, but as the suffering falls heaviest upon the one who loves the sinner most, be it father or mother, brother or sister, whose finite capacity can not comprehend the ways of "Him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will."

PAUL A. SMITH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8, 1886.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.—As an elderly couple were walking along the street, a lady on the opposite side tripped and fell down. The old gentleman rushed across the street, raised his hat, and offered to assist her in any possible way. His wife followed him across at a slow pace, and, witnessing his devotion to the stranger, got mad and shook her fist at him. "It's all right, it's all right!" he whispered. "Yes, I know it is!" she hotly exclaimed. "Here an unknown woman stubs her toe, and you plow across the street to eat her up with kindness. The other day, when I fell down stairs, you stood at the bottom and laughed, and chuckled, and tickled your ribs, and wanted to know if I was practicing for a circus!"

PATIENT.—"What do you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor?" Doctor—"Great Scott! man, isn't that just what I am trying to save you from?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Spirit Side of Life.

[Written by spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon, and copied for the GOLDEN GATE.]

MY SON HEZEKIAH:—If I could step into your home physically, and there remain for years, that I could visit all the passing time without once finding, or wanting a place where I would be at a loss for something to say, I would at least succeed in making a very fair beginning, which would lead to a bright, rich harvest at the ending. I find, at each sitting, that I leave unsaid things I contemplated saying previous to the sitting, which are crowded out by other thoughts. In other words, I am like the little boy when asked why he didn't talk more, said: "Cause I so full I can not commence." I am so full that I do not know what to select, and often make a complete failure of giving you my best thoughts, for we have a great supply of material here to work from.

If you had been away from home for twenty-five or thirty years, and returned again, you would undoubtedly have much to talk about. At the same time, when the time for a real good visit came, you would find yourself sitting silent and looking at the dear ones, forgetting to talk. You would be bound up in the atmosphere of love's home and surroundings, taking you a long time to tell all your past experiences. And so it is with us. We come and find the hour too short for us to say all we intended, and try to cut it off, and in doing so are obliged to leave out much that would interest you. The result is like a continued story, not very satisfactory. So we try to give our thoughts in as few words as possible, realizing that there is much to tell and very little time to tell it in.

I met with an experience, some time ago, that made me feel utterly helpless, and for the time filled me with a burning desire to return to the old, worn body, long cast away, and give to the world, from the pulpit, facts as I find them in the spirit world. As this can not be, I try from another source not less demonstrative, but from a standpoint that is often met with doubt and disbelief from the one fact that the lecturer can not be seen; from an unwillingness to take his statements as proof, when it is in every respect like unto himself when in the form. The many excuses raised are like chaff before the wind, of no use, for the kernel has dropped out long ago. It is like the wind that blows; at times we can hear the effect of the wind among the trees and foliage, but can not see the wind itself. Again at times we can see the effect when we can not *hear* it; still, the wind is the prominent part of action. The same in reference to spirit control; you *see* the medium write, but do not *hear* us talk. Still, the message is like us, and not the medium; you can see the result, but not the instigators.

This experience that I met was good for me in many ways in showing up the true light of Christian teaching more clearly than I have ever had it pictured before. I received a spirit into the state of rest, after his having met and passed through long years of suffering upon the mortal side of life. He was the father of six children. All of them *died* in two weeks' time, the mother passing away one month later, all falling victims of yellow fever. Father and mother were devoted Christians, and prayed for strength to meet their troubles bravely, but as one after another of the loved ones were swept away, their courage failed. The answer to fervent and trustful prayer came not to them. When the wife and mother passed away, his faith was broken. The promise of "Ask and ye shall receive" came not to them who were and always had been God's own people. Friends consulted as to the future hopes and plans, and were met with a maniac's laugh and cry of "He passed me by."

This man was for years a maniac upon religious subjects from the one fact of his earnest prayers not meeting with a direct answer in the time of need. He had been taught by those wiser than himself that "If we have faith it shall be given unto us;" he, having the faith, fully expected to be protected.

As years rolled on, he became stronger and once more took up his cross, endeavoring to fight faithfully to the end. As he worked from day to day his thoughts were: "There is no God or hereafter. I must work for to-day only; the to-morrow will look after itself." Finally he became sick. Upon his death bed his angel wife came to him dimly and was recognized. He knew that she had "died," and thought that he was crazy again, for there stood his wife, and his friends fully believed that he was crazy again. Unconsciousness followed and lasted till the final separation of the spirit from the body.

When he passed into the new life he was taken to the home of his angel wife, and there surrounded by his little group of darlings, with myself and one other who were advisers. They placed around him all that would look most natural and familiar, and then waited for the great happiness of his greeting and thanksgiving. It came to him like the slow breaking of the day, little at a time and slowly. He took the hand of one child and fondled it; then placing his hand upon the head of his wife, said: "Crazy again." They used all their power and strength to convince him of his mistake, but no, he was crazy, else why were they with him; they were "dead and buried," and no mistake, and he would not believe his eyes or sense of feeling.

As day by day passed, he would wonder what it was that made him feel so different, and began to experience a feeling of rest when with his own, and he concluded that "he had just as soon be crazy as any way, so long as they would remain with him." He is learning, step by step, taking only one thought at a time. As strength fills his soul, the bewildered state passes away, and he awakens to find all real and true. He is now in that state of expectancy where he fully anticipates that all will vanish and leave him as before—alone. He takes his wife's hand and clings to it, saying, "Is it real?" always meeting with a smile and kiss, and abundance of assurance that she is real and everlasting.

So much for misplaced confidence and ignorance in reference to the teachings of Christ. Everything in the Bible has a meaning; if correctly understood, will prove a great comfort to all. At the same time we have our own work to do now, and must not give up and wait for others to lend a helping hand.

If spirit return was taught from the churches in place of lecture rooms and theaters,—if our blessed religion of "Not dead, but liveth and returneth," was handed to every human, suffering from losses of loved ones, there would be less mourning and crushing calamities, which are to-day sweeping over those in earth life. Then men and women would be better prepared for sorrow and separation that must surely come to all, knowing that none escape. Why not gain knowledge and be prepared for that which is likely to occur to-day or to-morrow. Your resurrection into the new life will surely come sooner or later. Why not be prepared with a full knowledge of what it means.

Every day there is some one in the need of advice and counsel, and whenever they are in your pathway, reach out your hand and bid them receive the knowledge of the new life, which is for all.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept., 1886.

Selfishness, the Crime of All Crimes.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In all the mighty strides made by our civilization in its onward march there seems to be one depot where it has almost come to a standstill. The human mind that seems to be a receptacle for the purest thoughts, the grandest acts, the greatest inventions, the mastery of worlds, sinks down to self-worship and self-aggrandizement, and the soul is warped and wrapped in the darkness of selfishness.

Spiritualists can not pass by and say, "We are above sordid selfishness," when every society that has ever been organized is almost always torn by dissensions, and mediums and teachers allowed to be beggars, all through black-browed selfishness.

Believing in a future life, Spiritualists, so-called, become contented over that fact and hug that idea to themselves, and never realize the infinitude of possibilities for the human mind—its great spiritual growth, its duties to other souls in this earth life, and that heaven is not in the future life no more than it is here.

I believe, truly, that the rich man whom we read of in the New Testament, —who let the beggar-tramp Dives die in want at his door—was, as the world says, "a good man"; that he gave of his goods to the poor, to hospitals and orphan asylums, just as our rich give to-day to be seen and heard of men, and still when he died he went to hell.

A true Spiritualist will not give his money the laws have allowed him to accumulate in founding eleemosynary institutions, thereby pandering and fostering laziness and shiftlessness, neither wasting it upon impecunious beggars, but with a soul enlightened he will put into the hands and heads and hearts of men and women helps that they may help themselves. He will hire lecturers to preach to the people that the very poorest may be able to gather instruction of our earth probation and soul development necessary in order to bring heaven to this planetary existence. He will found newspapers and pay writers not starvation wages to write thoughts that will fill the world with light and knowledge that even the unborn millions may be blessed by their influence and inspirations. In his leisure moments, made possible to him by his money, he will enter the halls of our Legislatures, our Federal Congress, and with a soul instructed by communion with the angels will so talk, act and vote that just laws will be enacted; and from one true Spiritualist shall come the dawn of a new era, and a hope that selfishness shall not clog the wheels of civilization like a crime.

The cross of preaching to the people, of the glory, the peace, the moments of heavenly bliss that comes to the soul, who all unselfishly takes it up, as you have done, Brother Owen, passeth the mind of man to clothe in language on this earth plane. Life, indeed, needs but little. Soul knowledge is of the universe, great, vast, and unbuyable by the wealth of earth and attained alone by the spirit of mortal when he becomes Christ-like, receiving the baptism of the true unselfish spirit, loving his fellowmen as he loves himself.

ABBA L. HOLTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10, 1886.

ONLY the lazy hope to attain prosperity without work or self-denial.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

HOLIDAY EDITION.

We are arranging for the publication of a double-sheet edition of the GOLDEN GATE, for the coming holidays, to contain sixteen pages of choice original matter, with biographical sketches of mediums and healers, illustrations of spiritual phenomena, and carefully prepared papers upon various topics, by our best writers—making altogether a splendid number for missionary purposes. We intend to print an edition of not less than twenty thousand copies, for general circulation throughout this coast and the Atlantic States. Special notices and advertisements, for which a limited space will be devoted, will be inserted at moderate rates. All interested in this special work are invited to assist in defraying the heavy expense, in any way their generous promptings may suggest. All regular advertisers will have the benefit of the extra edition at no extra charge. Extra copies will be furnished, on large or small orders, at five cents per copy. Every Spiritualist on this coast ought to secure some extra copies of this grand holiday number to send to their friends.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

As a factor in political corruption the licensed liquor saloon stands out pre-eminent and almost alone. It is here the plans are laid for the manipulation of conventions and the corruption of voters; and the candidate for office who should presume to ignore the whisky-mill and its keeper, seldom stands much chance for election.

It is true that the law, in this State, closes the doors of these dens of perdition on election days—that is, the front doors; but it is well known that, in all of our principal cities at least, there is always a toper's pathway to the bar, kept open at such times, usually through some back alley, in which the grass has a poor show for growth.

The liquor-seller's harvest is the political convention. It is then whisky flows like water, and the busy bar-keeper must needs work lively to supply the demand. And then whoever is nominated for office is expected to put up a substantial sum for alleged "election expenses," a goodly share of which is known to find its way into the till of the saloon-keeper. Even the man of temperance principles, who is occasionally nominated, and who may be opposed to the use of money for the purchase of liquor for the debasement of voters, is compelled to stultify his conscience and keep silent, or suffer defeat.

And so the temperance and moral voters of the State allow themselves to be led by the nose from year to year, by a class of men, who—thoughtlessly, no doubt, in some instances—live and fatten on human woe. Close the saloons and the professional politician's occupation would be gone. The political trickster and incubator would have no use for himself.

That political parties are a necessary adjunct to a republican form of government no one will deny. But such parties are usually and naturally expected to embody some principle or policy of government peculiar to themselves. If either of the old parties, at this time, possesses any such peculiarities we would like to know of what they consist. Each is full of place-hunters who are assiduously seeking for the loot of office, which is certainly about the only issue involved in our approaching State election.

Hence, it seems to us that the time was never more favorable than now for all good men to throw off the party yoke and show their strength in behalf of a ticket that means the redemption of politics from the corrupting influence of the rum power, as well as the suppression of a traffic that sits like an incubus upon the industries of the people—a traffic that is dragging our young men and old, by thousands, down to ruin and death, and that is filling our prisons and insane asylums with physical and moral wrecks.

KIND WORDS.—An intelligent lady subscriber writes as follows: "I am glad to have again the opportunity of expressing to you the delight and real pride I take in your pure, clean, and splendidly edited paper, whose high moral teachings and noble sentiments of brotherly love, and charity to all men, make it an honor not only to you, its editor, but to all true-hearted Spiritualists everywhere. Time and again have I, in refuting the false charges of free-love-ism, fraud, etc., so often brought against us, thrown your GOLDEN GATE down as a gauntlet and dared our accusers to find *one single word* in support of such doctrines in this, the organ of our banner bearer on this coast. I pass my papers around till they are nearly worn out, and they are winning golden opinions everywhere they go."

HERE AND NOW.

The closing decades of the nineteenth century are evidently burdened with mighty events. The portents are in the air—in the elements of mind and matter—in the deep mutterings of thunder heard all around the sky. Society is a seething caldron; a spirit of unrest, of agitation, of disturbance, pervades the institutions of men. The idols of conservatism,—of time-honored institutions,—are tumbling down, and everywhere the new is springing from the ashes of the old.

The world never before seemed to have so great a need as now for men—for brave, strong, cool-headed and noble-hearted men. It needs men who can think and plan—men who can make plain the crooked paths in which the multitude are aimlessly wandering—magnetic men, and women, too, who are capable of leading humanity out of the night of error and into the clear light of the new day now dawning upon the world.

There are those who, like croaking ravens, or ill-omened birds of night, are ever ready to predict evil to the race. They live in the night side of nature, and see everything in a dim and distorted light. What to them are hideous phantoms of the air are to others only the shadows of harmless things, which will disappear with the dawning. The friction and clashing of the elements,—moral, social and political,—are only Nature's polishing processes—the mills of the gods, whence are ground out higher types of humanity—grander conditions and qualities of soul—better and more durable institutions.

There has been evolved in these modern times a new factor in our civilization—a force hitherto unknown save in tradition. The windows of heaven have been opened, and a marvelous light from the unseen world has poured into the hearts and consciences of vast numbers of the children of men. What is to be the outcome of this strange and mighty influx of power and knowledge from the other world no one can tell. What will be its effect upon existing institutions—how will it change and revolutionize the purposes and pursuits of men?—are riddles no one can solve. Are the physical and spiritual worlds to be interblended, and the veil now rent in twain to be swept wholly away? Are men and angels to walk hand in hand ere yet the former have crossed the dark river? Are the wise ones of other planets and spheres to take an active part in the redemption of our world? It would seem so; indeed, such is the fact already.

May not this be the dawning hour of the coming day—the golden day foretold by prophets, and dreamed of by poets and sages, when knowledge and righteousness shall cover the earth as the all-embracing sky covers the land and the sea? The world is certainly and rapidly approaching great changes, and those changes, whatever they may be, must be for the betterment of humanity. The guiding spirit ever leads upward; and never before was there such faith in the Eternal Good. It is only when man turns his back to the light divine that he loses his way and gropes in darkness for awhile. The tidal wave of spiritual truth now setting in, and sweeping over the world, is certainly for man's enlightenment. It is the beckoning hand to call him homeward—the light in the window to guide his wandering footsteps to the heart of the All-Father, where is rest and peace forever more.

Then why should we doubt or dread, or borrow trouble of the apparent confusion of the present? What though we are shooting the rapids; let all true men and women stand firmly at their posts of duty, with unwavering faith in themselves, and in the divine Life and Love of which they are a part. Beyond lie the still waters, and the peaceful haven.

THE TEMPLE MEETINGS.

The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society open their second year at the Temple, with a rich promise of accomplishing much good in the next twelve months. Through the effective labors of that indefatigable worker, Manager Dodge, they are able to open their doors free. This is a grand stride in the right direction. There is probably not a church in this city which has a larger representation of wealth and intelligence than is found in this congregation And yet are Spiritualists always as liberally disposed in forwarding their white-robed faith, as the devotees of other beliefs? Bro. Dodge should be relieved as much as possible of all financial anxiety attending these meetings; he is giving such magnificent treats at each service. In addition to the beautiful ministrations of Mrs. Watson we have occasionally lectures from those masterful thinkers and speakers, Dr. McKaig and R. N. Ravlin, both of whom have been honored servants of the Lord in other fields—Dr. McKaig in the Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Ravelin of the Baptist. The music, by Prof. Whitely, is a marked feature in the entertainments, which alone ought to fill the auditorium. We believe that if every attendant could but hear the whisperings from the guardian angels of the Temple, it would loosen their purse-strings in proportion as they have been blessed in worldly store and prompt them to aid the good work. All contributions, either great or small, will be gratefully received and most wisely distributed. Mrs. Watson will be assisted to-morrow morning by Dr. McKaig, who will speak upon the subject: "The Danger Signal, or the Moral Uses of Insanity." Mrs. Watson will give an Invocation in the morning before service. In the evening she will lecture. Subject, "For Conscience Sake, or has Man any Infallible Guide?"

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

No phase of spiritual manifestations is more satisfying and convincing to the skeptical mind than that of the writing between closed slates, by invisible hands, in the open light of day. When the investigator is permitted to hold in his own hands slates upon which he *knows* there is not a mark of any kind, without even the contact of the hands of the medium, and then and there has written within the slates, in some dear, familiar hand, a loving message from his so-called dead, he is compelled to accept the truth. To refuse to believe would be to doubt his own existence.

Mediums for this phase are multiplying throughout the world, and with many old mediums the power is greatly increasing. It has reached that degree of completeness, with many mediums, that will permit the investigator to take his own slates to the medium, which slates he need never for a moment permit to leave his hands, and still will the writing appear. But the best results—that is, the messages which are usually most complete—are obtained when the medium is permitted to handle the slates and thereby impart to them something of his own magnetism. One slate-writing medium we know, and probably one of the best in the world, first thoroughly rubs the surfaces of the slates with a cloth moistened with his own saliva, after the manner of the ancient school boy in removing refractory problems from his slate. The investigator may then take the slates in his own hands and satisfy himself that there is not the least possibility of collusion. When asked for a reason for this method of preparing the slates, his guides informed us that it was a means of more thoroughly magnetizing the slates, and thereby enabled them to control the conditions more completely.

Some investigators deem it necessary to rivet the slates together, as the only sure protection against deception. While the writing can be produced under such crucial test conditions with some mediums, it is at a much greater waste of the vital or magnetic forces of the medium, and the writing is seldom very great in amount, or otherwise satisfactory in character. The reason for this is said to be, that in securing the slates with rivets, the investigator surrounds them with a barrier of positive magnetism that is difficult for the spirits to overcome.

The best way to investigate this, or any other phase of spiritual phenomena, is to leave the conditions passively to the medium and his guides. If they can not produce the manifestations in a manner to leave no doubt upon the mind of the investfgator as to their genuineness, they are not yet developed to that degree of strength to justify them in sitting for the public. By a passive submission to such conditions as may be required, the unseen intelligences can usually do far more than they could possibly do where their conditions are interfered with. At the same time the investigator should keep his eyes open and see that the slates are not removed from his sight.

We can not well understand what better test of genuineness one could desire than to hold the slates in his own hands, after having first satisfied himself that there is no writing thereon, and then never for a moment permitting them to leave his hands until he reads the message thereon. If, in addition, he can hear the tiny bit of pencil moving over the slate within, he must indeed be hard to convince not to accept the fact.

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH.

We are almost daily in receipt of letters, or applications personally, by investigators of our philosophy, who are earnest searchers after the truth, and nothing but the truth, on the subject, who ask our assistance in directing them to mediums we *know* to be entirely honest. The following letter from an interior city of this State, is very similar to many others we have received, and which we give in full that our readers may see what perplexities meet the investigator on every hand:

J. J. OWEN—DEAR SIR:—Enclosed find a postal note, for which please send me copies of the last issue of the GOLDEN GATE containing Colville's sermon on the "Parable of the Prodigal Son," one of the finest things I ever listened to in my life. Further, I would like to ask a favor of you. I am a total non-believer in Spiritualism, and in fact in the existence of spirits after death. Notwithstanding this, I am examining, as far as my means will allow, the phenomena of clairvoyance, mediumship, etc., in a sober, earnest way, carefully as I may, and avoiding all things that offer a chance of "humbuggery" and fraud. I have had sittings with only two clairvoyants in San Francisco, both of considerable note. One I found to give excellent results in the main; the other, if NOT "an arrant fraud," gave the most trustworthy evidences of being one, her whole sitting being of such a nature as to disgust the most credulous person. What I wish to ask of you, is to name to me two or three persons, if you know them, in San Francisco, who are not only capable and gifted clairvoyants, but whom you believe to be perfectly honest, and who would never dascend to deception to impose upon an investigator. If you would kindly take the trouble to do so, you would greatly oblige me. Yours, etc.

FROM "OVER THE RIVER."—On Sunday last the writer and wife called on Mr. Fred Evans, the independent slate-writer, at 1244 Mission street. In the course of a very interesting seance, in which some eight or ten communications were received from spirit friends (six slates being written full, none of which were for a moment removed from our sight or touch, and mostly without contact with the hands of the medium), we received the following from the spirit of Col. Hollister:

FRIEND OWEN:—I have just come to say a few words to you to encourage you in your good work. I had intended to aid you financially, but I was called away too soon. But believe me, Brother Owen, you will have every aid in the spirit, though I regret that I was embarrassed a little towards the end, and was unable to carry out my designs. I was met with a glorious welcome, Brother Owen, and am very happy. Give kind regards to Brother Crane, and other kind friends. Good bye. W. W. HOLLISTER.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

To know the truth is naturally the object and aim of every soul. No one would willingly prefer an error, or knowingly choose evil. All desire to know what nature means, because it is in the adaptation of her truest meanings to human life that man finds his greatest happiness. But in his search after truth man encounters many stumbling-blocks, the most obstinate of which is not unfrequently his own ignorance and self-conceit. Especially is this true in his investigation of the strange and varied phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

In the realm of the physical phenomena, some of the most marvelous and satisfactory manifestations we have ever witnessed—manifestations given under conditions entirely beyond the possibility of collusion or deception, and demonstrating beyond reasonable question the great fact of spirit existence,—have been given in the presence of mediums whom others have accused of deception, or have been detected in supposed, and possibly in actual, fraudulent practices.

Hence it is that many persons who have devoted the most attention to the investigation of the physical phenomena have ceased to give the slightest weight to the alleged "exposures" of mediums, made usually by ambitious newspaper reporters, or those who have had but little opportunity for careful investigation.

While there is no doubt that, in some instances, mercenary and dishonest persons,—possessing, perhaps, some mediumistic gifts, and possibly none at all,—have outraged every sense of honor and decency by the simulation of genuine manifestations of spirit power, yet it is also, no doubt, true that very many of the alleged "exposures" have been no exposures at all, but rather an exhibition of ignorance and injustice on the part of those who, by grabbing the forms, complacently imagined they were serving the ends of good morals and honest mediumship.

An intelligent and most surely genuine medium for form manifestations said to us recently, that she never entered the cabinet except with a feeling of dread that she might be used by the spirits for personation. At the same time she held that through these very personations, spirits who were unable to gather sufficient force to present an independent form, but, being eager to make their presence known, were often able to present the most satisfactory evidence of their identity. Having the medium in complete entrancement, with her brain and vocal organs under perfect control, they were able thus to give the most convincing proofs of their return to their friends in mortal. But to seize one of these forms and find the medium therein,—wholly entranced and unconscious though she may be,—is accepted by most people as positive proof of fraud,—very naturally so, until they have delved deeper into this mystic mine of truth.

It is well known by all thorough investigators that harmonious surroundings are most conducive of satisfactory manifestations. On the other hand it is also well understood that very skeptical persons entering the seance room for the purpose of creating a disturbance by seizing the forms, carry with them a psychological influence, or atmosphere, sufficient to overpower the average sensitive, and cause him or her to do the very fraudulent things expected of them, and, of which, perhaps, the medium may be entirely unconscious at the time. We are well aware that this view of the question would seem to open the door to the practice of all manner of deception by dishonest mediums; but this is so only in seeming, for any person with the least spiritual intuition can readily discern between the true and the false in mediumship.

These are all matters for careful investigation, which should be entered upon always in a spirit of fairness, and an earnest desire for the truth. All intolerance of opinion should be avoided. Those who believe and those who disbelieve should alike be charitable, honest and earnest, in their investigations. At the same time we would urge all Spiritualists to seek for that spiritual unfoldment—the higher truths of the spirit,—which, when once attained, will leave but little desire to witness physical phenomena.

These phenomena have their uses, no doubt, in arresting the attention of unbelievers and skeptics; but to follow after them continually, when once convinced of their reality, to the neglect of that spiritual culture and growth which is of far more importance, is a sad waste of valuable time. There are other important matters for Spiritualists to consider, and which cannot be neglected with a proper regard for their highest spiritual welfare. They should go forward in their work, and not perpetually stand gazing, in open-eyed wonderment, as though at the tomb of a risen Christ. And above all things should they cultivate those graces of character whereby they can discuss the question of materialization, or any other question, without anger or uncharitableness.

JOSEPH MORRIS.

This is the name of an eminent seceder from the Mormon Church, who founded the sect known as the "Morrisites," and who was cruelly slain in 1862, by the Mormon hierarchy, for his presumption in ignoring the authority of Brigham Young, and in attempting to establish an opposition church.

Joseph Morris was a strange character. Possessing far more culture than Brigham Young, he was also gifted with remarkable spiritual discernment. He saw visions and received revelations from the spiritual powers, which were highly treasured by his followers, and which have been faithfully preserved unto the present time. His writings have now been gathered together and published in a large and neatly printed volume of nearly seven hundred pages, entitled: "The Spirit Prevails; Containing the Revelations, articles and letters written by Joseph Morris. Published by Geo. S. Dove & Company, San Francisco; J. A. Dove & Co., Printers." The book is just out, and may be had at Scotts' bookstore, corner of Third and Stevenson streets, and also at Coopers', 746 Market street, and at 213 Kearny street. In the light of the spiritual philosophy these "Revelations" will be found interesting reading. The book is well worthy a place in all spiritual libraries.

SANCTITY OF SUFFERING.

Our beautiful poet, Longfellow, has truly said:

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary."

There is no life, however fair may seem the way, but knows its night of sorrow; none but have their own Gethsemane. Suffering is the one inheritance to which every member of earth's family is fellow-heir; it has its mission and purpose in life's great plan—a purpose which we should endeavor to early grasp, and thereby reap the highest good to ourselves. We but begin to perceive the depth and breadth of our innermost nature, and catch the scintillating gleams of the grand possibilities of our divine being, after we have passed through the crucible of affliction.

We can not understand why discords produce the most profound melody, nor why the imprisoned songster trills his sweetest lays, no more than we can understand why the spirit of man is purified only when the soul has been wrung by some great agony. It seems to be God's system to measure the soul by its capacity "to suffer and be strong."

He who can turn the fiery ordeals of existence into blossoms of loving, gentle thoughts—flowers, whose fragrance shall fill the myriad corridors of pain with a subtle penetration of joy and gladness—is indeed an angel of glory—an angel of peace; not like Sandalphon in the legend of old, standing by the gateway of the celestial city, but on earth mingling with the sad and sorrowful, often with a bruised and mangled heart—this is indeed the work of the divine.

So tired, weary one, bowed by the weight of a mighty woe, cherish this thought, that when the golden rays from the sun of Hope penetrates the sombre gloom, that the inner meaning of the lesson will burst upon your consciousness in crystal splendor, and you can say with that sweet singer, Phœbe Cary,

"So let my past stand, just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold."

OUR ACCOUNTS.

Housekeepers are warned against running accounts, and so should all other persons be. There are domestic and economic accounts. There is another kind of account that we are running through a lifetime, and the trouble is we can not prevent it, though many often try. At the beginning of each twelve months, we take a review of the old year, its debt and credit side, and mentally try to balance things. We think we do, for we generally turn a clean page for "Jan. 1st," and begin very strictly the new record.

For the first few weeks we are careful to take a nightly account of each day's doings and find all going well; so well, in fact, that we soon think they can do with less attention. Months go by, and the solemnity and importance of the old and the new year wear off, and the successive pages of our account begin to show carelessness. We fall back into neglect—no longer consider at the close of day what its record has been. Then we do and say things entirely forgetful of our noble resolutions, until we are brought to reflection by another dead year. Thus our account goes on, and one day it is set before us all broken and blotted; but one part we see distinctly—that in the long past. Though it is awry and neglected it seems that it is more so than we left it. No; it is our own work and we see that it extends before as well as behind us.

This is a moral, mental, and spiritual account that we all keep, but not all so reckless of results. Blessed are they whose book of life closes without default; whose pages are clear, and accounts strictly square with intentions!

LADIES.—The question has been asked, more than once, if a "lady" may darn her own stockings. Now that Mrs. Gladstone is found to darn her husband's socks, it may safely be inferred that she likewise attends to her own stockings, and the Prime Minister's wife is surely a lady. Ah! if ladies but knew the privileges and liberties the thing called society allows them, they would, we are sure, do very different, and thus do a great deal of good, whereas now too many of them are afraid to do anything but dress fashionably. How many foolish, hampering customs could they break down, giving freedom and usefulness to many proud dames who are ever fearful of going beyond the narrow limits of popular usage. So-called ladies—women who are looked up to as the models of propriety in all things—are the ones who could make successful innovations in all the social spheres of life that need improving and simplifying. And, indeed, there is less restriction among women of high positions than formerly. They are becoming useful in many ways, and find that life is better worth the living when occupied with good to those at home and abroad.

N. F. RAVLIN.—This gentleman, who has recently embraced Spiritualism, after twenty years of conscientious and faithful labors as a Baptist clergyman, is made the subject of an unkind aspersion in an Eastern spiritual journal—an aspersion that might be construed as reflecting upon his character. We have known Mr. Ravlin personally and quite intimately for over six years. While, as a Baptist minister, he was noted for his independence in matters of religious opinion—being too large for the straight-jacket creed of his church—we never heard a word to his discredit as a man or minister of religion. And such, we doubt not, would be the uniform testimony of even his enemies in the church. Spiritualists here take no stock in any slanderous intimations to his discredit. Hence, we are pleased to note that Manager Dodge, at the request of many attendants at the Temple, has engaged him to speak before the Society again on Sunday, Sept. 25th, at the morning service—an invitation in which we most heartily unite.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—"Voices from many Hill-tops—Echoes from many Valleys," etc., as advertised in the GOLDEN GATE, will be on sale in about four weeks.

—Dr. J. D. MacLennan, the healer, who has been located for several months in Salt Lake City, has removed to Butte City, Montana.

—A slander by innuendo is the meanest kind of slander. It leaves the one thus magligned no ground of defense. It is not only unmanly but cowardly.

—Mr. W. J. Colville's lecture on "Earthquakes" will appear in our next week's issue. It is like all that comes from this inspired instrument, full of instruction.

—Emma Hardinge-Britten delivered an instructive lecture, recently, in Newcastle, England, on "Ancient and Modern Freemasonry." She was controlled by a once eminent Freemason, and spoke many truths whereof she, or her guide, evidently knew.

—The *Golden Era* for September, although a little late in making its appearance, more than makes up for any delay in the excellence of its table of contents. There are original papers from the editor, Harr Wagner, and his talented wife, "Madge Morris;" also from John F. Swift, Joaquin Miller, P. S. Dorney, and other distinguished writers. For the price, (only twenty-five cents,) the *Golden Era* has no superior in America.

—The Mechanics' Pavilion is daily and nightly thronged by amused and instructed crowds, assembled to witness the magnificent annual display of the art and enterprise of the people, the products of the soil, etc. In the evening the scene is one to be remembered. The moving masses of well-dressed men and women—the electric lights—the thrilling music—the brilliant displays of brilliant wares—all combine to produce an effect at once marvelous and grand.

—The Free Spiritual Library of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, is doing a work beyond computation. Its readers come from all walks of life, and all denominations of churches, and many are the exclamations of wonder that they have not known of some of the facts, so ably set forth by some of the authors, before. Since our last report of the Library, in April, there have been thirteen volumes added, making a total, Sept. 1st, of 657 volumes. The Library is loaning, on an average, sixty books each Sunday, at which day it is open from 1 to 5 P. M. A new catalogue has just been issued. All are invited to read.

—In the several localities in the United States where women have attempted to vote, the event has been attended with either unpleasant results, or none at all. The State Constitution of New York is being closely investigated this year, and now fifty-two lawyers of New York City express the opinion that it does not in any sense prohibit women from voting. Just what effect this declaration will have on the New York suffrage question, one at a distance can not, perhaps, say. We believe, however, that it would not be safe for the masculine opponents of suffrage in this State to declare its Constitution thus undecided on so important a question. All doubters would be speedily cenvinced that women here "do want to vote."

—The subjects announced for Mr. Colville's lectures in Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, corner of Market and Seventh streets, next Sunday are of unusual interest to Spiritualists. At 10:45 A. M. he will lecture on "Contradictory Teachings Through Mediums. The True Standard of Authority. Try the Spirits." Answers to questions at 2:30 P. M. Subject of lecture at 7:45 P. M.: "Swedenborg a Spirit Medium and Clairvoyant." Baron Emanuel Swedenborg (born at Stockholm in 1688, died at London in 1772) was noted as a most remarkable medium nearly one hundred years previous to the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and he asserted that during the uninterrupted period of twenty-seven years he enjoyed open intercourse with the world of departed spirits. Mr. Colville will leave the city the last of September for a short season in San Diego, *en route* to Boston, where he will resume his meetings in Parker Memorial Hall the last of October.

—Mr. Ravlin, in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, on Sunday evening last, gave the first of a series of discourses, explaining why people reject the Bible. He said they do so because of the false interpretations put upon scripture by the Christian Church, upon which false systems of theology have been builded. The Bible account of creation, he said, is a mere allegory, never intended to be historical. The "days" of creation, which were for centuries understood as literal days, were vast periods of time. The orthodox ministers have been compelled to abandon their old assumptions concerning the creation and the age of the earth. Geology and astronomy have destroyed the old ideas. The account of the Garden of Eden, he said, taken literally, is absurd, but considered as symbolical it is grand. The discourse was listened to with marked attention and approval. On Sunday evening, September 19th, Mr. Ravlin will explain the spiritual signification of the Garden of Eden. In the forenoon he will speak on a subject to be given by the audience.

ONE-IDEA MINDS.—These are dangerous, not so much to others as to self. When a person finds himself contradicting or doubting everything that has not passed under his own observation, that one is losing his senses. The most expanded and cultivated mind that ever existed in mortal form, could not possibly be all-wise. Eternity is infinite, and time slowly reveals its secrets of knowledge and power. But man in his ignorance and arrogance scouts all new truths, and would crush each in turn to the earth and out of existence, if he could. He, however, is as weak as he is blind, and as he can not grasp a new revelation, neither can he annihilate it. It lives, and revivifies whomsoever will receive it. There is a tendency in the mind that may cause it to harden and grow stiff, as the joints in old age, but, for the latter, physicians inform us there is a preventive in a certain course of diet. So it is with the mind. We must give it proper food, and stimulate it with pleasurable thought and generous reflection, cultivating a love of investigation, and, above all things, cease to dispute what we do not understand.

THE SILENT MONARCH.—Although Time is old, grim and grizzled, he is full of irony and a love of sly pranks, to those who keep a memory of the changing fortunes of his subjects. He is an absolute monarch, but works his will without a word of command. He crowds millions down to the depths of degradation, leaving them without the shadow of a hope that there is relief or elevation for them in time or eternity. To them he holds out bright hopes and fairest promises, but makes them incapable of attainment, seemingly; the weary years go by, yet not without hope, and filled with unceasing efforts, till at last the struggle is given up and resignation comes. Thousands he surrounds with means for every gratification and luxurious refinement, many of whom have tastes and aspirations not so noble and high as those who are denied all. Do these things last forever? Not the same, but they are repeated through the passage of centuries. Great changes come to the high and the low, sometimes here, sometimes not till hereafter. They are often made to change places, and do for each other what they never dreamed they would do of their own accord. But time is watchful, and he does not intend that on one side there shall always be pride and ostentation, and on the other humanity and poverty. He does not exactly aim to reverse conditions, but to equalize them. He smiles grimly when he lays us all in our narrow beds.

SILENCE.—We read of the silent orders of recluses, and in our own mind call them crazy fanatics; but could we comprehend and retain in thought the awful wonders surrounding and overshadowing us with their majesty, there would be far more speechless tongues than are found immured within four walls. The world is full of unmeaning sounds—empty noise. Indicative of life, to be sure, but weak, helpless life, that simply exists in moving. Silent lives are not a few—lives that live almost wholly in thought and spiritual contemplation of the mysteries—they are thus enabled the nearer to approach. When they speak to the world, it is through the medium of the pen. Even in the mortal form it would be easier for one of them to influence another by his simple presence and will than by words. For some to converse with the multitude, is to lose strength, both physical and mental. The deeper and more one thinks, the more reserved he becomes, because he finds continually new veins of thought that could never be worked out in the tumultuous life outside of self. One who thus learns to be his own retreat has found a refuge from all storms and a comfort in all affliction. God and his angels speak but to those who have learned to be silent and listen.

Dr. Stansbury's Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The GOLDEN GATE has swung so far back on its hinges that the light has been permitted to shine through its portals around the globe. A copy of *Le Messager*, a spiritual paper published in France, has been received, containing an account of a seance held at your office some time ago, in which some of the phases of Dr. Stansbury's mediumship were noted. A report of the seance in question was published in the GOLDEN GATE, and copied by some of the spiritualistic journals of this country. The same mail that brought the paper also brought a letter from Australia, offering Dr. Stansbury liberal inducements to go there and exhibit his mediumistic powers. He is also in receipt of invitations to visit localities of our own country, all of which can be traced to the GOLDEN GATE. A paper that is so extensively read, as to cause the fame of an unpretentious yet remarkable man to travel around the earth in such a comparatively short space of time, is certainly a good advertising medium, and I wonder that advertisers do not make more liberal use of its columns.

To all these solicitations Dr. Stansbury's guides say he has a work here to perform. And while I know that it would afford him pleasure to visit places from which he has received liberal pecunary propositions, I further know him to be a man who will do his duty and obey the advice of the higher intelligences, let it lead him or keep him where it may. While he has not been long before the public as a medium, the independent slate-writing phase being of comparatively recent development, he has, nevertheless, been acquainted with some of the phenomena of Spiritualism all his life; and what is most remarkable now his mediumship partakes of nearly every known phase. He has never attempted to sit for materialization, but the assurance comes from the other side tbat he is a materializing medium. In his room, during his presence, the raps come unsolicited, and articles of furniture and clothing are moved about; he is both clairvoyant and clairaudient, impressible and inspirational, while as an independent slate-writer he is certainly the instrument to furnish the most skeptical with unquestioned proof of a spirit life. The appearance of names upon his arm, which was a phase of Foster's mediumship, is also a portion of his medial powers.

It is the hope of his friends here that he will soon feel justified in devoting his entire time to the cause in which his enthusiasm and love are both enlisted, for they feel that he is destined to be one of the greatest disciples of the philosophy and religion which lifts the somber drapery that hangs between us and the hitherto "mysterious realm."

Yours fraternally,
E. S. HARRISON.

SAN JOSE, Sept. 13, 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Importance of Good Habits.

Good moral habits are of vital importance, for, according to the teachings of our own divine philosophy, they not only mould our characters and intensify or mar our earthly pleasures, but they are preparing the foundation upon which we must commence our future existence. By the aid of our own reason and observation, quickened by cultivation, we can clearly and readily perceive the direct and unlimited influence upon our daily lives of the habits we are possibly unconsciously acquiring. We have, many of us, given too little thought to this matter concerning not only our own lives, but that of our immortal offspring, or any whose moral and spiritual guidance rests upon us. We have not fully realized the magnitude of its influence, thinking (generally speaking), more of the world's estimate of our character than of the spiritual man or woman we are moulding for eternal realities and responsibilities. There is nothing like a clear conception, so far as it is possible for mortals to comprehend, so vast and illimitable a science, as is our spiritual philosophy, to place one upon the only sure highway to their grandest attainments, viz., their own responsibility. All other theories have some loop-hole of escape for the inevitable results of error and ignorance. To be sure, they all advise and endeavor to enforce Christian observance of, and obedience to, their tenets and requirements, but at the same time carry along an antidote, or a hope of absolution in an emergency, even to the eleventh hour.

Now, we do not intend to argue so inconsistent and unreasonable a theory, but hope to be able to convince you of the necessity of earnest and immediate endeavors for the formation of good and profitable habits, both for our earthly enjoyment and a highly advanced condition of spiritual development when we enter the more glorious fields of research and increasing pleasures. By close observation of the lives of our youth, we can easily trace the direct influence of habit upon their mental and moral development, and as they emerge from one age of reason and ability to the next higher and more responsible one, we see a corresponding need of a character erect and free in all the beauty and virtue nature intended we should enjoy.

Moral and refining influences, noble and worthy examples, can but wield a powerful influence upon their susceptible minds, refining and elevating their aspirations, consequently directing to a greater or less extent their operations. Habits become fixtures, easily formed, but obstinate enemies when we attempt to overcome them. When properly cultivated, and carefully cquired, they become the greatest blessings of our lives, but if carelessly regarded and evil ones permitted to creep in with their baneful influences, like cankerous wounds they extract and destroy the happiness and aid we might bestow, and receive, and that is by nature's birthright. The thoughts and inclinations of each hour are unconsciously to us contributing to our spiritual unfoldment or undermining the good we may have already accomplished.

To many who may read these lines this may seem a trifling subject when compared to other and seemingly more important circumstances of an active life, instead of one of personal and immortal interests, for hour by hour, and day by day, we are wearing a net-work of beautiful proportions and enjoyable opportunities and experiences, or of spiritual entanglement, crippling and defeating our best and highest qualifications and possibilities. Drop by drop is formed the floods that overflow the land, bringing death and devastation in its merciless course; leaf by leaf does the beautiful foliage of Summer time assume their welcome and beneficial proportions. Just as the minute but countless sands constitute the continuous shores of the mighty deep, do our daily maturing habits, diminutive and unobserved though they may be, either for good or painful results, are shaping our lives, rounding them out with exquisite pleasure, or keenest pain. Without thought or observation we may complete our earthly existence without a true sense of our situation, but the awakening must come; if not here, on the invisible side of life, and what regrets must the conviction bring? With clear and unobstructed spiritual vision and unclouded intellect, the consciousness quickened to a sense of perception impossible to mortals, what a disclosure of wasted opportunities, of talents buried and possibilities that must yet be developed, before they can grasp the intellectual and spiritual enjoyment they now so ardently desire and behold others in blissful possession of.

All this is yet to be accomplished, as according to our philosophy, nothing is won without effort. Effect always follows in just proportion. Not only do such unpleasant and unnecessary habits subvert our morals and diminish our cup of happiness, but prove a source of annoyance and regret to those associated with us, or interested for us. Aside from our own personal interests, we have a mission to perform toward our fellow-beings, to promote their interests and happiness, both temporal and spiritual, as far as possible. This we can not accomplish successfully, encompassed by a cloud of detrimental and deteriorating influences, crippled and overburdened by the weight of errors, and retarded by the accumulation of habits that interrupt and destroy our otherwise able and much needed efforts.

Again, and with graver and more serious results is our example before the young and tender minds, so susceptible to surrounding influences. Our character, if of a low, degraded nature, must prove a more or less impenetrable barrier between them and their rightful attainments, and also transmit to generations following influences that will contribute largely to their felicity or misery. Ah, my friends, this is a most serious matter to every human being, and we whose footsteps are directed by true spiritual guidance, if we will but follow it, who possess the only tangible and abiding knowledge of man's destiny and responsibility, should be first and foremost to look to our intentions that they be pure and honest ere they become fixed habits, for the struggle to overcome them proves a serious one, often resulting in a complete victory to the enemy, owing to a lack of cultivated mental force and neglected will power. I have enumerated no list of habits to be cultivated or avoided. Their name is legion, but from the greatest enemy to mankind, that is slaying to the right and to the left, mentally, morally, physically and spiritually, the most generous and genial element of our fair land, "Intemperance," down to the most trifling habit that can affect your individual welfare. Be watchful and faithful. Cultivate the good, and ignore the bad. Build up for yourselves and for posterity, thought by thought, deed by deed, a spiritual structure that will prove an infallible and indestructible beacon to storm-tossed, wandering barks, leading to the harbor of eternal safety and happiness. Watch and fight against your evil propensities and daily temptations. Train your desires until they become habitually pure and ennobling. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

We can not all achieve fame nor become conspicuous in popular schemes for the advancement of humanity, but in our own home, be it ever so humble," in our daily walk, be it ever so obscure, in our social circle, be it ever so limited, we may by an upright and noble character impart an influence that will live long after our earthly labors have been transferred to the bright "beyond," where our recompense will far exceed any harp, or crown, or heavenly felicity bestowed upon us through another's merit or sacrifice! "Thoughts are buds," "words are blossoms," and "deeds the fruit!" Fellow-laborers in the glorious field of spiritual development, "what shall our harvest be?"

ELLA L. MERRIAM.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

Miss Sarah Bruce and Miss Mary Ann Bruce, sisters, who died in England, a few weeks ago, bequeathed six hundred thousand reals to the Secretary of State of India, in trust for the education of orphan girls.

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TITLE PAGE:

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ASSEMBLY HALL, ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING, corner Seventh and Market streets, (entrance on Seventh street), W. J. Colville, lecturer; Albert Morton, Manager. Services for Sunday, September 19th, At 10:45 a. m., lecture. Subject: "Contradictory Teachings through Mediums." At 2:30 p. m., Answers to questions. At 7:45 p. m., lecture. Subject: "Swedenborg a Spirit Medium and Clairvoyant." Poems from subjects chosen by the audience will be given at each service. Solos by W. J. Colville and Jos. W. Maguire. Evening service will close promptly at 9:30.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITTUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 P. M.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDnesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. First hour—Trance and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

Reason may subordinate passion; reason may be subordinated by passion. In this, the darkness becomes darker; in that, the light becomes more luminous.

There are those who see the end from the beginning, reaching the conclusion without consciousness of mental effort. They comprehend the argument without being stilted over on the spraddling legs of the syllogism. These are the children of light. To them, truth is axiomatic, and the line of self-evidence reaches to the outer realms of thought.

We are as we think. With reason as their master, the passions strengthen and ennoble; and the gentler emotions are as the flowers which complete and beautify the vase which holds them.

I caught the glimpse of a truth. It was but a shimmering light, and soon the clouds floated over it and all was dark. I had seen the light and knew it was there. But because their eyes had not seen it, some doubted, some smiled, and some mocked in derision. I peered and peered into the darkness. Rifts came and closed, and came again in the cloud, and with each reappearance the light was more brilliant. At last, oh, joy! the clouds dispersed. The fair orb was unobscured, and the whole horizon became luminous.

The old adage is true: None is so blind as he who will not see. As the swine value not pearls, so cares he not for the gems of truth, however beautiful and costly they may be.

Thought food is soul food, and one becomes the more *man* for his increased ability to think. There is not a truth that reason does not demonstrate, not a virtue it does not endorse, not an excess it does not teach to repress, and not a pure and holy emotion it does not enthuse into higher activity.

Would you make your child great, upright, noble? Teach him to reason. Teach him to follow the chain, visible only to the mind's eye, uniting phenomena to their causes—prophesying phenomena from their causes. Show to them that the eternal Logos is a God of reason, and that the most acceptable worship is reverently to seek and obey its holy laws.

Not a good deed has there ever been that reason does not applaud, and not an evil one it does not condemn. There is not a step in the grand, spiral stairway, leading upward toward the Infinite, to which reason does not lead and guide. O my brother, O my sister, learn thou to reason!

This grand universe is so complete a unity that each element, each phenomenon, is the complement of all the rest, and so implies them, that were our reason of infinite capacity, any one thing would teach all that has been, is, or is to be.

Look to the skies above, to the grass at your feet. Orion and the spire of grass imply each other. The little, no less than the great, is a part of the whole, and does its work in dictating results.

The flower in the vase at my window is a constant teacher. The green leaves, the modest petals, the energy and love of the Infinite are here. I am the more an *ego* for it, as it, possibly, for me. It catches the waves of the sunlight, it catches the starlight, it catches the beams of the far-off nebulæ—those universes beyond our universe—and blends them into green and bright colors that fall on my eye, that fall on my soul. I love the more, for thy beams, O sun; for your beams, O stars; for your beams, O nebulæ!

These flowers are a memory, too. There is one whose love of the beautiful awakened my soul into an intense love for all things of light. For her this flower, all flowers, all things in the earth or in the skies, have come to me with a new and holier significance.

The moral elements, are they not, too, parts of the universal chain and equally implied? Does not causation imply the power to comprehend it? Does not the beautiful imply the love in the soul that admires it? Does not the holiness in the universe of universes imply the soul that bows and adores?

Thought is mine; thought is thine, my reader. In its presence how infinitessimally little are the sordid things that move the grovelings. This light is a ray of the universal light, and in its beamings all things become luminous.

AMONG the spirits who were introduced at the Niantic spiritualistic camp-meeting, last Sunday, was that of a man who died six years ago, and whose widow was again married without delay, to the scandal of her neighbors. Evidently this spirit had heard of what had been done and said, for in his communication at the camp he is reported to have come to his wife's rescue as follows: "I know there was considerable talk among the neighbors about my wife's marrying so shortly after my taking off, but I paid no attention to such nonsense. I approved of it at the time. I ratify and confirm it now. It has my hearty endorsement. In change of circumstances I would have done the same thing myself, neighbors or no neighbors."—*N. Y. Beacon Light.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Old Doctor Jennings."

A few weeks ago I read a short article in the GOLDEN GATE, headed "Drug Superstition," in which reference was had to Dr. Jennings of Derby, Vermont, (if I remember rightly), who for twenty years practiced medicine most successfully in that town, and never during the whole of that time gave his patients anything but bread pills and colored water for drugs. He may have ordered a foot bath or a mustard poultice, but the stomach of those who sought his services remained uninjured by his contact with the various poisons we call medicines.

As your correspondent stated very early in his practice he came to the conclusion there was *vis. medicatrix naturæ*, or curative power inherent in the human body, which, if allowed to manifest itself on every emergency, was quite equal to overruling disease. But, just when she was making her crowning effort, the friends of the patient got frightened and sent for the Doctor, who at once prejudiced the case, by introducing a poison into the stomach which must be gotten rid of, either by purging or vomiting.

The Doctor would only test his theory by deceiving his patients. He knew well that should he undeceive them his power would be gone, so he remained the great medical authority of the region for twenty years, when having fully satisfied himself of the correctness of his theory he disposed of his excellent practice and went to Oberlin, Ohio, and bought a good farm. Returning to make the final arrangements for his removal, he gave a public lecture in which he explained his belief in nature's remedial powers and avowed the method he had used in dealing with the sick.

The lecture created immense surprise. There were "ohs!" and "ahs!" on all sides. "What! when I had those fits did I take nothing but colored water? Surely, Doctor, there was something more than bread in those pills that cured me of the terrible neuralgia?" "Not another thing, ladies. I have told you the exact truth," the Doctor replied.

Now the question is, Did this genial practitioner possess, without knowing it, the mediumistic touch which restores harmony to the system?

There is no doubt about our modern superstition concerning value of drugs. Even for the baby, instead of sending for a wise, experienced grandmother, we call a doctor, who will write a prescription for any mite of humanity, and the poor, little stomach has to stand its chance. Illiterate youths can be made over into physicians, in two, or at most, three years, and thousands shrinking from the inferior status to which they see honest labor doomed rush into the professions to avoid what they are best fitted for. Naturally, belief in the efficacy of drugs is on the increase, while the trade not only certain but lucrative. There are not many Dr. Jennings' in the world, though he published his experience nearly forty years ago.

G. B. K.

Key-Thoughts.

[From the World's Advance-Thought.]

Not to think for oneself in regulating the affairs of everyday life is a sign of weakness; not to think for oneself in religious matters the world calls faithfulness.

All the real good that has been done in this life has been done because love was the impelling motive; all the evil because hatred controlled the soul.

The extent of some people's charity is gauged by distance. The farther away from home the object is, the more charity they have. It ensmalls as it draws near home.

In Spiritualism there is nothing but good; but whoever invokes it as an aid to fraudulent practices, or would use it as a mask to conceal falsehood, is in constant danger.

Your thoughts here will unfold into blessings or curses in the after life. The thought is spiritual; the act is material. The latter passes with time; the former abides forever.

If the world has made so great progress in the face of all the corruptions and false teachings that have existed, what grand strides may be expected when truth and right prevail!

"Search your heart," advises the parson; but the necessary first step is to search your mind. To believe in ignorance is impious mimicry.

Those who have no sympathy for others, go around in the narrow circle of their own selfishness, as one walks in a circle when lost in the desert.

When you shall rise from the local and individual to the universal and godly, then you will know the way has been wisely prepared for you.

The *Christian Register* says: "Disparage Spiritualism as we may, it has come to stay. Its idiosyncracies show it to be a heterodox child with orthodox progenitors."

The Number Seven.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Referring to number seven as being a mystical number, it occurs to me that number seven of the present issue of your most excellent paper is as strong a proof of the value of *a number* as anything I can can quote; not that any or every number is not good, but this number seven is brimful, running over and alive with thought. One thing that I admire the GOLDEN GATE for and place more value upon it than any other paper devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, is that while it is a true and faithful exponent of our philosophy, and a mirror of the phenomenal events, it also gathers within its orbit and fearlessly and faithfully discusses other important passing events, making it, taking it all in all, a most desirable and readable sheet.

Our Society met last Sunday, pursuant to their adjournment, and one and all in attendance resolved to engage anew in the work of this great cause. They hope by the 15th of the present month to secure a large elegant hall in Masonic Temple, which is now being newly painted and improved every way. There is also a very fine elevator to this hall, making it a great convenience to aged people who desire to attend our meetings. We hope to show considerable progress in the near future, both in numbers and other advancements. I often think if we could have Brother Colville here a few weeks, what rapid strides we could make. Suppose the editor of the GOLDEN GATE take Brother Colville and make us a visit this Fall as an experiment. Why not?

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Sept. 1886.

A FARMER sent a dollar for a lightning potato bug killer, which he saw advertised in a paper, and received by return mail two blocks of wood, with directions printed on it as follows: "Take this block, which is No. 1, in the right hand, place the bug on No. 2, and press them together. Remove the bug, and proceed as before.—*Hudson (N. Y.,) Register.*

LORD LONSDALE is a young rowdy, and one of the principal rakes of the English "nobility." Yet he holds the appointment to livings of forty clergymen of the Church of England, who are supposed to minister to 50,000 people. This is but a sample of the corrupt fruit that is borne by the union of Church and State.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.



FRED EVANS,

Medium

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Midnight's Quiet Hour.

[Bob Burdette.]

How quiet the house is at midnight. The people who talk and laugh and sing in it every day are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago come back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love best those with whom we can laugh and talk and sing, or the dear silent ones who come so noiselessly to our side and whisper to us in faint, sweet, far-away whispers that have no sound, so that we hear only their very stillness.

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers and I raise my head. I start to leave the table and my eyes fall upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little *First Reader*. He left it there this afternoon. I remember just how I was impatient because he could not read the simple little lesson—such an easy lesson—and I told him it was a waste of my time to teach him, and pushed him away from me. I remember now. I see the flush come into the little tired face, the brave, cheerful look in his eyes—his mother's brave, patient cheeriness, struggling with his disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor, and the little face bend over the troublesome little lesson, such a simple, easy lesson, that baby might read it. Then, after a little struggle alone, it has to be given up, and the baffled little soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for reinforcements, sighs and goes away from the lesson he can not read to the play that comforts him. And there lies the little book just as he left it. Ah, me, I could kneel down and kiss it now as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me to-day? What was there in the book I wanted to read one-half so precious to me as one cooing word from the prattling lips that quivered when I turned away. I hate the book I read. I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an hour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you that there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips can not teach me? Do you know I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the house is so still; may be he is not breathing. Why, if between my book and my boy I choose my book, why should not God leave me with my books? My hateful books.

But I was not harsh. I was only a little impatient. Because, you see, his lesson was so easy, so simple. Ah, me, there were two of us trying to read this afternoon. They were two easy, simple lessons. Mine was such a very simple, easy, pleasant, loving one to learn. Just a little throb of patience, of gentleness, of love that would have made my own heart glow and laugh and sing. The letters were so large and plain, the words so easy and the sentences so short. And I! Oh, pity me, I missed every word. I did not read one line aright. See, here is my copy now, all blurred and blistered with tears and heart-ache, all marred and misspelled and blotted. I am ashamed to show it to the Master. And yet I know He will be patient with me; I know how loving and gentle He will be. Why, how patiently and lovingly all these years He has been teaching me this simple lesson I failed upon to-day. But when my little pupil stumbled on a single word—is my time, then, so much more precious than the Master's that I can not teach the little lesson more than once?

Ah, friend, we do waste time when we plait scourges for ourselves. These hurrying days, these busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours are wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame and love and gold for kisses. Some day, then, when our hungry souls will seek for bread, our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read. You can not find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your bookshelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blind may read; a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier.

Smith's Saloon.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch* vouches for the truth of the following touching story:

"I hear that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of the couple of middle-aged men, who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield street saloon last Friday night.

"Yes," responded the other rather slowly.

"What was the reason; I thought he was just coining money there?"

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said: "It's rather a funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played out doors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and he thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping, or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the back yard, and there, under an apple tree, were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free. Smith walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbor's boy, a couple of years old, lay asleep behind the tree.

"'My God, boys, you must not drink that,' he said, as he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench.

"'We's playin' s'loon, papa, an' I was a sellin' it just like you,' said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys in and put them to bed. When his wife came home she found him crying like a chlld. He came back down town that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.

Freaks of Elecricity.

A correspondent of the New Zealand *Herald* says: Among the many extraordinary natural phenomena attending the recent eruption of Mount Tarawera, one which appears to me not the least singular has been passed over in comparative silence and without exciting comment, as far as I am aware, amongst the scientific or unscientific public. During the last week those attending Mr. Burton's interesting lectures have heard there related one of the strange, and, so far, inexplicable circumstances witnessed by Mr. McRae and others of that devoted little band, to whom it must have seemed that hell itself had opened to destroy them—I allude to the fact of their being unable to make water boil on that terrible night, when earth itself appeared to be in a state of ebullition. I give here the narrative from Mr. McRae's own lips, and I feel confident that few who have read of the magnificent courage and presence of mind displayed by him amongst those fearsome surroundings, and none who have heard the plain unvarnished tale modestly related by himself will ascribe the circumstances as due to the working of an overheated and excited imagination.

Mr. McRae says: "I made George Baker, the cook, put some water on the fire to make cocoa for the women, who were cold and shivering, poor souls, though holding up grandly. About three quarters of an hour afterwards he met me in the passage and said to me, 'Come here, sir.' 'What is it? said I. 'I can't get the water to boil,' he said. 'Tut,' said I 'poke up the fire.' 'It's a good fire,' he replied; and so it was, a glowing fire of blazing rata logs—a splendid fire. 'Put your hand in there and feel it,' said he, taking the lid off the boiler. I did so—very gingerly, I can assure you, and found the water as cold as when we put it on. There were so many extraordinary things happening around me that this particular one did not excite my wonder very much. I thought it was owing to the electricity in the air. George Baker can vouch, as well as myself, for the fact of the water having been on the fire for full three quarters of an hour, and at the end of that time being as cold as when it was put on. We spoke of the circumstance to the others at the time as being curious, but soon had matters more serious to distract our attention."

Now, surely, here is a natural phenomenon worthy of the investigation of all our scientifie men, not only in New Zealand, but throughout the civilized world. We of course all know that the greater the atmospheric pressure the greater the number of units of heat required to make the water boil, but some other deterrent cause must have been at work in this instance, as, after having been placed for three quarters of an hour on a good fire, the water remained absolutely cold. What other cause was there? Is the problem I suggest to our scientific men as one well worthy of their research.

"On the night of the Tararwera eruption the Haszard family had in their cashbox, among other moneys, a half-sovereign lying on the top of four half-crowns. During the storm which burst over their devoted residence the building was struck by lightning. On digging out the effects the working party handed over the cashbox to the friends of the Haszard family. Mr. John P. Morpeth, of Ponsonboy, at whose house Mrs. Haszard has been staying, has now in his possession the half-sovereign and four half-crowns, which form a perfect curiosity. The lightning appears to have fused the coins together and in some mysterious way, though the face of the half-sovereign is not defaced, the gold appears to have been driven through the center of each of the half-crowns, as each in the center is colored the size of a shilling as if with gold. As the souvenir of the Tarawera eruption it is one of the most remarkable that has yet been exhibited."

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you would like, serve yourself.

An Honorable Thing.

[J. G. Holland.]

Labor is an honorable thing among men. There is not a neatly-graded lawn, a pretty garden, or a well-trained tree, that does not tell of it. It builds magnificent cities, creates navies, bridges rivers, lays railway tracks, and infuses itself in every part of the flying locomotive. Wherever a steamer ploughs the waves, or a long canal bearing the nation's inland wealth, wherever the wheat-fields wave or the mill-wheel turns round, there labor is the conqueror and king. The newspaper, wherever it spreads its wings, shows the impress of toiling hands.

Should not the laborer be well-housed? Should he not have the best wife and the prettiest children in the world? Should not he who produces all we eat be honored? To us there is more true poetry about the laborer's life and lot, than any other man's under heaven. It matter not in what calling a man toils, if he toils honestly, contentedly, and manfully. The little tin pail should be a sign of nobility everywhere, and in "the good time coming, boys," it will be.

Little Billy was told: "Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day little Billy was forgotten in the distribution, and was not served at all. What could he do? Presently, after reflecting seriously, he said, "Mamma, when little boys starve to death, do they go to heaven?"

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR,—

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

BY J. J. OWEN,

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the San Jose *Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the *bouquet* which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times.*

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer.*

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight.*

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate.*

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal.*

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post.*

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance.*

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings.*

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant.*

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call.*

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchaining the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian.*

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian.*

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alembic of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press.*

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoculd, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Immortality.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

A speck in the vast universe I stand,
Seeing no beginning and no end;
A pilgrim toiling in an alien land,
With hopes that to the highest heaven tend—
In semblance an aspiring potentate,
Linked to the chain that binds the world's estate.

Varied the verdure springing at my feet,
As up the mountains, down the vales I'm led,
But I have learned to make this life complete,
Lovely and glorious; so my soul is fed
With a celestial manna, and the wine
Of an existence deathless and divine.

Pressing my lips with nectars to assuage
The mortal side of being and its blight,
I strive, amid the dogmas of an age,
To lead my way into the path of light;
To pierce the darkness, and to penetrate
Into the hidden mysteries of fate.

What is this life? this meager space of time?
This single drop in the all-boundless sea?
What force impels its energies sublime?
By what imperious edict or decree,
That on the tide the wondrous bark is tossed,
And in a moment to our vision lost?

Lost to the normal, the material sight,
Enfolded in the mystery of law;
Yet if in the resplendence and new light
Of more expanded vision it may draw
The needed forces of its finer state,
Toil on, thou soul, for joy shall be thy fate!

Methinks this life is but a human school,
And only the first rudiments are won;
By which, like children 'neath the iron rule
Of their instructor, we at last put on
The armor of the spirit, with whose might
Like gods we strive and struggle for the right.

There is a world of mystery remains
By us unsolved—lying beneath the thrall
Of our terrestrial losses, odds and gains;
Which to the materialist is all
That life contains—within the mold and dust
Of perishable creeds and dogmas is his trust.

O sad, indeed, and pitiful the sight,
With no sweet blooms of hope or faith to cheer;
No sun of promise warming with its light
The struggling soul in its existence here!
Far better to have been a lifeless clod,
Or some poor, luckless tenant of the sod!

What means this yearning in the human breast?
This constant reach beyond the things of time?
The soul's sweet musings in its hour of rest,
But the assurance of a state sublime?
What mean these heavenly longings 'mid the strife,
But shadowy preludes of a better life?

Like some lone bark amid the mighty storms,
Struggles the spirit with its earthly state,
Until amid the everlasting calms
And blooming beauties of its high estate,
It safely anchors—with the tempest passed,
It enters the fruition of its joys at last.

And thus an atom on the surging sea
Of mighty hopes and energies, I stand,
Searching amid wrecks and ruins for the key
To unlock the treasures and to understand
Life's great arcana; and to read the lore
That will an age of knowledge yet restore.

Then don thine armor, O, thou spirit true,
Put on the robes of righteousness and light,
And to the holy baptism of fire and dew
Bow lovingly thy head; and up the height
And heavenly pathway of the soul's behest
Speed on thy course, and evermore be blest!

Indweller of the beautiful and high,
O lover of all loveliness, in thee
There is an element that cannot die;
An inspiration that mortality
With all its creeds, philosophies profound,
Cannot encompass in its meager bound!

A song is being chanted to the earth,
Mine ear is quickened by its magic power,
Beneath its subtle charm there is no dearth
Of beauty nor of joy—e'en the tiny flower
That lifts its leaves above the grassy plain,
Pulsates and thrills to its inspiring strain.

Through all the links of matter, links of life,
The mystic peans of its beauty wind;
Weaving into harmony all strife,
It is the silken chord by which to bind,
And bring into melodious accord,
All things that dwell beneath the sky and sod.

It lingers near, it whispers from afar,
Vibrating sweetly through the atmosphere;
From flower to gleaming flower, from star to star,
From sun to sun, from sphere to dazzling sphere,
Its heavenly numbers flow; whose strains rehearse
The hidden beauties of the universe.

O, Spirit of all Harmony, in thee
The great creative essence is embalmed;
To golden heights of immortality
The soul by thy sweet influence is charmed!
The prophet's vision and the poet's thought
Beneath thy spell with deathless hues are fraught!

O live forever, thou Aspiring Soul!
The portals to the heavenly realms of light
Open for thee; whose golden seas unroll
In panoramas, gorgeous and bright!
Like some fair Victor, thou shall reign sublime
Above decay, mortality and time!

The Poet's Heart.

Day follows day; years perish; still mine eyes
Are opened on the self-same round of space:
Yon fadeless forests, in their Titan grace,
And the large splendors of those opulent skies.
I watch unwearied the miraculous dyes
Of dawn or sunset; the soft boughs which lace
Round some coy dryad in a lonely place,
Thrilled with low whisperings and strange sylvan sighs.
Weary? the poet's mind is fresh as dew,
And oft refilled as fountains of the light.
His clear child's soul finds something sweet and new
Even in a weed's heart, the carved leaves of corn,
The spear-like grass, the silvery rime of morn,
A cloud rose-edged, and fleeting stars at night.

—THE LATE PAUL HINES.

A Woodland Flower.

How could I know, O tender woodland treasure,
With petals blue and soft as Summer skies,
That from the dust of long forgotten pleasure
So dear a hope, so fair a dream, could rise?
Meek, lonely blossom, hiding in the shadows,
And waved by mountain breezes cool and free,
No fairer flower from Summer's golden meadows
Could bring the thoughts that thou hast borne to me!

From the sweet stillness of the misty mountains,
Where fairies weave a strange, mysterious spell,
The cooling winds that blow from hidden fountains
Bore thee 'mid alien bowers and scenes to dwell!
Ah, sweeter on thy petals, fair and broken,
Than winds that blow across a Summer sea,
Or strains of fairy music, is that token,
O wondrous flower, that thou hast brought to me.

—LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL.

Jesus of Nazareth.

[New York Beacon Light.]

When Emerson spoke of the "Oversoul" and Professor Tyndall of a divine potency in nature, they all meant God, that Infinite Presence that governs the universe and all therein by immutable law. God is not a personal, human-shaped being with form and dimensions, sitting upon a throne. Form and dimensions imply locality, and locality implies limitation and change.

But said Jesus, "God is a Spirit" and man made in the divine image is naturally and necessarily a spiritual being with spiritual hopes and aspirations. The spiritual is the real. All that the physical hand can touch, all that the physical sense can acquire is unreal and shadowy. The mortal body is but a changing vesture, a traveling dress for the soul, to be laid aside when we are bid to cross the crystal river. Death, as beautiful as natural, severs the copartnership between the physical and the spiritual. Rationally speaking death is but birth into the better land of immortality. The past, as the present, revealed but two classes of thinkers, Materialists and Spiritualists. The one class ascribe all causation to matter; the other all causes to spirit. In Homer we see the poet, in Phidias the sculptor, in Plato the philosopher, in Confucius the moralist, in Aristotle the naturalist, and in Jesus the Spiritualist. To be a Spiritualist is to hold conscious intercourse with the world of spirits and to live a spiritual life. Such was Jesus. In relation to the past Jesus stands out as the best and divinest embodiment of Spiritualism. He worshiped in spirit and in truth. His kingdom was a spiritual kingdom; His church a spiritual church, built up in the souls of men.

The truths of Spiritualism are in beautiful harmony with the truths taught by Jesus. The biblical manifestations of angels and spirits and the modern phenomena mutually corroborate and sustain each other, and they must stand or fall together. Every argument of the priesthood aimed at true Spiritualism is an atheistical javelin hurled at the temple of eternal truth. Jesus authorizing no creed, ordaining no cowled priests, and establishing no dismal forms of worship, said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another. Be even as a little child. Feed my lambs; feed the hungry; clothe the naked; be good to them that hate you; forgive and ye shall be forgiven." And Paul emphatically taught that charity was greater than faith or hope.

"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight.
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Spiritualism underlying all reform movements, physiological, temperamental, social, philanthropic and religious, would strike the ax at the root of the tree, by rigidly generating, then wisely educating, all the nations of the earth. As a moral power it is eminently apostolic. Its prayers are good deeds; its music the breathing of guardian angels; its ideal, the Christ-life of perfection; and its temple the measureless universe of God.

Prohibition Party Platform.

The following platform and resolutions were adopted by the California Prohibition party:

Relying upon the favor of Almighty God and the justice of our cause, we, the Prohibition party of California, through the representatives thereof in Convention assembled, do announce the following as our political faith:

First—While we are unalterably opposed to the enactment of all sumptuary laws, properly so named, we believe it not only a constitutional right but the bounden duty of the State, to prohibit the manufacture, sale and importation of all alcoholic beverages.

Second—The combined testimony of philanthropists, statesmen and jurists, for the past two hundred and fifty years declares that the use of intoxicating drinks tends directly and inevitably to the propagation of disease, the suppression of industry, the promotion of vice and crime, and the destruction of mankind; and believing that so far reaching an evil can only be remedied by legal means we demand the enactment of constitutional and statutory laws for the State and nation that shall forever prohibit the manufacture, sale and importation of alcoholic beverages; and we solemnly pledge ourselves to vote for no one for office who will not pledge himself to use his influence and vote to secure the enactment of such laws.

Third—That the old parties are the servile supporters of the liquor power is evidenced by the open and shameless espousals of the saloons by the one and the contemptuous refusal of the other to legislate to protect the home from the giant curse of intemperance, though repeatedly petitioned to do so.

Therefore we declare that those parties who thus pander to the vicious elements of society to maintain political power, merit, and should receive the condemnation of all good citizens, and are unworthy the countenance and support of Christians and patriots, and are totally unfit to govern a free people.

We are in favor of the largest personal liberty consistent with orderly civil government, and would gladly welcome to our free country all those who come with the intention of enjoying our institutions as they find them, but we demand the exclusion of those whose purpose in coming here is to overthrow our government and destroy our liberties.

EXPERIENCE.—The best education one can obtain is the education that experience gives. In passing through life, learn everything you can. It will all come in play. Don't be frightened away from any pursuit because you have only a little time to devote to it. If you can't have anything more, a smattering is infinitely better than nothing. Even a slight knowledge of the arts, the sciences, and the languages, opens to view a whole world of thought. A little systematic endeavor—one hour, even half an hour, every day—and a man may be considered learned before he dies. Learn thoroughly what you learn, be it ever so little, and you may speak of it with confidence. A few clearly-defined facts and ideas are worth a whole library of uncertain knowledge.

POVERTY is rather a lean wife for a man to take, but it is one of the best that a man ever did take, for so weak is human nature that, unless it be chid at every single point by the pressure of necessity, it is self-indulgent. Men love to be lazy. Moses Stuart said that laziness was three-fourths of total depravity. Blessed are they that are born under necessity, under the lash, which drives them to thought, to invention, to perseverance, to economy, to foresight, and to prudence, as the very conditions of life.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT—"Now, children, tell me what Heathens are?" Small boy (who had been reading about the Belfast riots)—"Heathens is folks what don't fight over religion."—*Omaha World.*

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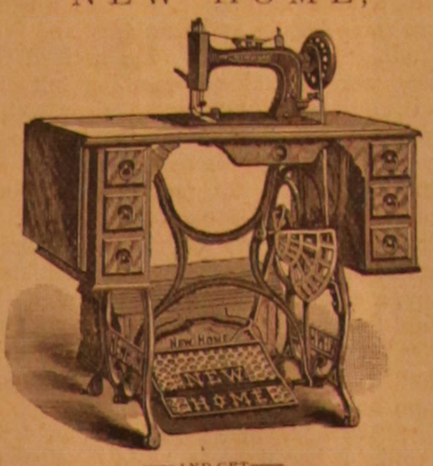
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2:30 P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnews, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.

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From HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA: †5:16, †5:46, †6:16, 6:46, 7:16, 7:46, 8:16, 8:46, 9:16, 9:46, 10:16, 10:46, 11:16, 11:46, A. M. 12:16, 12:46, 1:16, 1:46, 2:16, 2:46, 3:16, 3:46, 4:16, 4:46, 5:16, 5:46, 6:16, 6:46, 7:16, 9:16, 10:31, 11:31 P. M.

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LEAVE S. F.	Commencing Aug. 20, 1886.	ARRIVE S. F.
8:30 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park.	6:28 A.
10:40 A.		*8:10 A.
†11:30 A.		9:03 A.
*3:30 P.		*10:02 A.
4:25 P.		*3:36 P.
*5:15 P.		†4:59 P.
6:30 P.		6:00 P.
‡11:45 P.		‡7:50 P.
		†8:15 P.
8:30 A.	Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.	9:03 A.
10:40 A.		*10:02 A.
*3:30 P.		*3:36 P.
4:25 P.		†8:15 P.
10:40 A. / *3:30 P.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas and Monterey	*10:02 A. / 6:00 P.
10:40 A. / *3:30 P.	Watsonville, Camp Goodhall, Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Capitola), and Santa Cruz.	*10:02 A. / 6:00 P.
†7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, (Sunday Excursion)	†8:55 P.
10:40 A. / *3:30 P.	Hollister and Tres Pinos.	*10:02 A. / 6:00 P.
10:40 A.	Soledad, San Ardo and Way Stat'ns.	6:00 P.

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
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Redwood	1 00	1 40	Aptos	.....	5 00
Fair Oaks	1 25	1 50	Soquel	.....	5 00
Menlo Park	1 25	1 60	Santa Cruz	.....	5 00
Mayfield	1 25	1 75	Monterey	.....	5 00

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

Time Schedule, April 6, 1885.

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE FOR	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
†8.00 a. m.	Byron	†6.10 p. m
8.00 a. m.	Calistoga and Napa	*10.10a. m
*4.00 p. m.	" " "	6.10 p. m
7.30 a. m.	Colfax	5.40 p. m
7.30 a. m.	Delta, Redding and Portland	6.40 p. m
*3.30 p. m.	Galt, via Martinez	*10.40 a. m
8.00 a. m.	Ione, via Livermore	5.40 p. m
4.00 p. m.	Knight's Landing	10.10 a. m
5.00 p. m.	Livermore and Pleasanton	*8.40 a. m
*8.00 a. m.	Martinez	6.10 p. m
*8.00 a. m.	Milton	*7.10 p. m
3.30 p. m.	{Mojave, Deming,} Express	10.40 a. m
7.00 p. m.	{El Paso and East} Emigrant	6.10 a. m
0.00 a. m.	Niles and Haywards	3.40 p. m
3.00 p. m.	{Ogden and} Express	11.10 a. m
7.00 p. m.	{East} Emigrant	9.40 a. m
7.30 a. m.	Red Bluff via Marysville	5.40 p. m
8.00 a. m.	Sacramento, via Livermore	5.40 p. m
7.30 a. m.	" via Benicia	6.40 p. m
3.00 p. m.	" via Benicia	11.10 a. m
4.00 p. m.	" via Benicia	10.10 a. m
4.00 p. m.	Sacramento River Steamers.	*6.00 a. m
8.00 a. m.	San Jose	*3.40 p. m
*10.00 a. m.	"	†3.40 p. m
3.00 p. m.	"	9.40 a. m
†8.00 a. m.	Stockton, via Livermore	5.40 p. m
*9.30 a. m.	" via Martinez	*7.10 p. m
*3.30 p. m.	" via Martinez	*10.40 a. m
*9.30 a. m.	Tulare and Fresno	*7.10 p. m

*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS,

(Via Oakland Pier.)

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *3.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 a. m., 6.30, †11.00, *12.00 p. m.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00 9.30, 10.00, †10.30, 11.00, †11.30, 12.00, †12.30, 1.00, †1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, †9.30, 10.00, †10.30, 11.00, †11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, †1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, †6.45, 9.15, *3.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9 57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10,06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, †10.22, 10.52, †11.22, 11.52, †12.22, 12.52, †1.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, †9.15, 9.45, †10.15, 10.45, †11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9 45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, †9.15, 9.45, 10.45, †12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

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